

The Sketch



No. 476.—Vol. XXXVII.

WEDNESDAY, MARCH 12, 1902.

SIXPENCE.



KING EDWARD VII.: A NEW NAVAL PORTRAIT.

Copyright Photograph by Heath, Plymouth.

THE CLUBMAN.

A Winter Holiday—The Journey South—The Gossip of the Moment in Monte Carlo.

SOME DAY, no doubt, we shall find the magic Arabian carpet in the flying-machine, and we shall be set down a thousand miles away from our starting-point after a night's sleep in the air; but while waiting for that happy invention to be perfected—and Santos-Dumont's great, empty zinc balloon-house on the Condamine of Monaco is one of the milestones on the way to success—the modern train-service South makes a very fair substitute. I breakfasted in London on a Sunday morning, the muggy, damp Sunday morning of last week; I lunched as the train sped through the broad valley between Calais and Boulogne, where the red-roofed villages lie like coral beads on the green; I dined when the after-glow was still in the sky as we raced away from Paris towards Dijon; I drank my coffee and ate the little new-plucked oranges to which the twig and leaves still held, as we passed through a country of tall stone houses and grey olive-trees, where to the left the snow of the Alps shone in the sunshine above the purple of the lower rocky heights, and to the right were white villas with green shutters and masses of purple Bourgainvillier on the walls, and palms and aloes and lemon-trees silver-gilt with the fruit, and pink geraniums growing as creepers; and, beyond, glimpses of the blue Mediterranean, flecked with currents and twinkling like a sea of diamonds where the sun threw a broad path of light on it; and at lunch, after a bath and a shave and a stroll through the gardens on the mountain-side, I sat by an open window in the restaurant of the great Palace Hotel, high above the town, and looked down on Monte Carlo spread like a map below me, and ate my *Mostelle*—least of Mediterranean fishes—*à l'Anglaise* and my asparagus, whilst M. Luigi, the manager, stood by and rubbed his hands and approved of my little menu and asked when the remainder of the Londoners were coming to Monte Carlo.

One has only to walk once up the terrace before the Casino, once round the tables, and sit for five minutes and listen to the band which plays in the balcony of the café opposite the rooms, to hear all the gossip of the place. Ten days ago, the hotel-keepers were in despair and board and lodging could be had at some of the most sumptuous of the hotels for twenty francs a-day. Now, whether it is the sudden burst of fine weather or the official announcement of the King's approaching visit that has worked the change, every train coming South is crowded to its holding capacity, every hotel has its rooms full, and Monte Carlo prices have bounded up again to their natural—or unnatural—high level. There has been plenty of high play, especially in the new room upstairs, where smoking is permitted and from which the ladies are excluded. Here you may see on some nights the board at the roulette-table plastered with notes on the even chances, and the numbers covered with little piles of five-louis pieces. A Polish gentleman is responsible for this, and he is playing on a "system," much to the delight of the authorities of the Casino. Our British champion, the young Lord who was to have broken the bank with his infallible "system," has left Monte Carlo for Cannes; but he returns now and again to shoot pigeons and to play with single coins where he staked at the beginning of the season in thousands. The concerts are as good as ever, but people grumble at the early hour they are held in the afternoon, and say that the authorities arrange their time-table so that nothing shall interfere with the attraction of the tables during the hours before and after sunset, when the chill in the air sends people indoors and the rooms are at their fullest. The arrangement of Berlioz's "Damnation de Faust" for the stage by M. Raoul Gunsbourg has been a great success, and Madame Melba, M.M. Jean de Reszke and Renaud all three won equal honours in it. They did not play to Talma's pit of Kings, perhaps, but on the occasion of the first performance of the opera there were the Prince of Monaco, the Prince Ulrich of Würtemberg, the Prince and Princess Danilo of Montenegro, the Prince of Bulgaria, the Grand Duke Michael and Countess Torby, and the Prince and Princess Essling in the stalls. After the performance there was a very pretty little ceremony, when the Prince of Monaco conferred on M. Gunsbourg the Knighthood of the Order of St. Charles. Madame Melba has finished her series of performances, but M. Jean de Reszke stays on to sing in one of Wagner's operas, and, later in the season, a ballet, having as its title "The Coast of Azure," is to be produced.

There is a small band of mimes now at the Palais des Arts playing deliciously two little pantomimes. The road from Monte Carlo to Nice has been spoilt for driving by the tram-cars, and no one ever goes from one town to the other now except by train or automobile—the latter for preference. The Lawn-tennis Tournament is a success, and has drawn well-known players from all parts of the world, and the players in the second class are just as keen as the cracks. So much has the passion for lawn-tennis spread that the pigeon-shooters, many of whom are not very adept with the racket, are getting up a tournament amongst themselves, whilst the attendant bookmakers, who are always ready to bet on anything, are calculating out the odds they should lay against the racket or the ball in each individual case. These are some of the scraps of news I learned in my first quarter-of-an-hour on the terrace and in the rooms, and they fairly represent what is the talk of the moment in the little Principality of the Palms.

"PAOLO AND FRANCESCA," AT THE ST. JAMES'S.

ONE is very glad to feel that, when the world and his wife come to London for the Coronation, there will be on exhibition some plays which, like the new version of the old tale, show that the whole of our stage is not given up to mere frivolity or melodrama, and that, whether enthusiastic or not, Londoners are, at least, respectful to dramas of such a high aim as the new work at the St. James's; for it would be difficult to conceive drama higher in aim or more beautiful in conception than this, and, if any lack of the mystery of stagecraft affect its power to move, it is at least a lovely poem, not unfit for the stage and produced with a keen sense of its noble quality. Of course, there is not unanimity about it. Some find that its beauties fade in the footlights, and its lack of movement causes them to speak of monotony; but how infinitely preferable is the monotony of beauty to the monotony of stupidity or vulgarity to which we have grown almost case-hardened! On the other hand, there are many who deem that, despite its inevitable loss in the journey from the library to the stage, "Paolo and Francesca" is the finest dramatic poem from the pen of Mr. Stephen Phillips, who occupies in our land a position similar to that of Rostand in France, or, one should have said, to that lately occupied by Rostand in France, since the Frenchman is somewhat out of favour on account of that remarkable Compiègne ode, which excited the ridicule generally deemed fatal across the Channel. Of course, it is not necessary to make a comparison between these two unique figures in the dramatic world or to point out that the Englishman is the sincerer, richer poet, but has comparatively little of the amazing dexterity in drama which distinguishes the author of "Cyrano de Bergerac" and "L'Aiglon"; certain it is that many of us would not exchange our Phillips for their Rostand, though there lies between them the difference that one is poetic dramatist and the other dramatic poet. "Ulysses" and "Herod" show that Mr. Phillips sees the necessity for making the concessions to stage-effect which are spurned in the tale of the lovers of Rimini. The lack of these concessions probably will prevent the play from enjoying great popularity; but it is likely to have more than a mere *succès d'estime*, and its success will be largely due to Mr. Alexander, who has surpassed his previous efforts at stage-production and given us one of the most beautifully mounted plays on record; indeed, one which, thanks to Mr. Percy Macquoid and Mr. Telbin, presents some, even many, absolutely lovely pictures. And these pictures are enhanced by the striking music of Mr. Pitt.

There is no need to tell the tale—one of the best-known of the world-stories—or even give any direct account of the dramatist's treatment, since everyone has read the poem, which, save for a few omissions and for the addition of a very short opening scene, is played as printed. It opens most effectively, and, could the play have maintained the level of the first Act, the result would have been great; but—and it may sound a paradox—merely to maintain a level in such a case is to sink, and so, since the play did not rise above the level of this Act, it fell slowly and quietly, till one looked at it with interest and curiosity towards the close, but without emotion. One had exhausted one's power of sympathy by suffering for the young lovers in advance; one had grown almost insensible to the atmosphere of gloom and horror, and though at individual moments, as in the scene at the close of the third Act, the piece pulsed into life, it tended to become, as it were, a beautiful dream, irresistible in appeal to eye and ear, but not exactly moving or stimulating. There were moments, too, of some irritation, because the poetry was often ill-spoken. "I am sorry that you should have so much trouble in turning my poetry into prose," said once a poetic dramatist at a rehearsal to a popular actor, and the sarcasm passed unappreciated. Mr. Phillips might have uttered it to some of the Company who turned his lines into mere limping lead and changed words for equivalents that fitted into the lines like the square peg into the round hole. The performance, if fairly good all round, is not of amazing quality anywhere. Curiosity centred on Mr. Ainley, the almost unknown player cast for the leading part; all were charmed by his presence, since in appearance and bearing he is quite an ideal Paolo—a name not pronounced very prettily by some of the cast, who came very near to "Pow-lo." Unfortunately, the new actor seems to have an agreeable rather than a striking voice, and was the chief sinner against the verse, which in his mouth lost almost all rhythm, and he was wrongly violent in the last Act. Miss Evelyn Millard looked dignified as Francesca, and, save for her vehemence in the last scene of all of this uneventful history, played with beautiful reticence and simplicity. Mr. George Alexander, perhaps, has not quite the ferocity for such a part as Giovanni, and yet he had some strongly tragic moments—indeed, the keynote of his acting really was sorrow and a suggestion of helplessness in the hands of Fate. It may be that such work does not show him quite at his best—at least, on a first-night, with the prodigious burden of such a production on him; but already there is more than foundation for a striking performance, and in a few days his talent will find full scope. It is said that Miss Elizabeth Robins is too melodramatic and restless, and, perhaps, with some truth; but certainly she was very pathetic and powerful too, and in her first important speech made the deepest impression of the play: the difficulty of her task is enormous. Miss Margaret Halstan played prettily, and Miss Lilian Braithwaite gave a quite perfect rendering of one of the truest little parts in the piece.



A SCENE FROM "PAOLO AND FRANCESCA," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

Francesca (Miss Evelyn Millard): "Sir, go not, go not!"

Giovanni (Mr. George Alexander): "Child, I cannot stay for fancies."

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY LEWIS BAUMER.

"THE PRINCESS'S NOSE."

MR. JONES'S new and oddly named play has been written by order of Mr. Charles Frohman on purpose to fit Miss Vanbrugh, who enacts the lowly-born Princess-by-marriage whose nasal organ gives its title to the play. Inasmuch as "The Princess's Nose" is being produced as *The Sketch* is about to go to press, it is enough to say that Mr. Jones's latest is a work possessing much of the style—and

all, one whom Mr. Jeames Yellowplush would call a "littery gent," allotted to Mr. Cosmo Stuart, who is a descendant of Charles the Second per Madame Querouaille. The play, with its fine two scenes representing respectively an old Tapestry Parlour and the Inner Hall of the same house, has been splendidly "produced" by Mr. Dion Boucicault, husband of the Duke of York's new leading lady.

Speaking of this son of the great Dion Boucicault, it may here be noted that the Company engaged to give, as one may say, point to



[Photograph by John Edwards.]

MISS GERTRUDE KINGSTON, WHO PLAYS MRS. MALPAS,



[Photograph by H. Walter Barnett.]

MISS IRENE VANBRUGH, WHO PLAYS THE PRINCESS,

IN "THE PRINCESS'S NOSE," AT THE DUKE OF YORK'S THEATRE.

shall I say, sauciness?—of "The Liars," which, perhaps, except for mere literary merit, may be regarded by some as not being a play so brilliant an author need be particularly proud of. Still, it was a highly successful play and therefore may be quoted in this connection.

Pending a more detailed notice in our next, it may here be said that "The Princess's Nose" contains some excellent acting-parts. The best of these are the Princesse de Chalençon (who was born Langrish), a part in which Mr. Jones has fitted Miss Irene Vanbrugh even to a turn of the head; the Prince, enacted by Mr. H. B. Irving, who is rapidly coming to the front rank of actors; Sir John Langrish, the Princess's Uncle, played by that fine character-comedian, Mr. Gilbert Hare; Mrs. Malpas, represented by the dashing Miss Gertrude Kingston; and, perhaps the best-drawn character of

"The Princess's Nose" includes several other excellent examples of heredity, namely, Mr. H. B. Irving (Sir Henry's eldest son); Mr. Gilbert Hare; Miss Carlotta Addison, daughter of the fine old actor last seen in the early Bancroft days at the Prince of Wales's; Mr. Henry Arthur Jones's eldest daughter, Ethelwynne; and Mr. J. W. Byron, son of the gifted humorist and playwright, the late Henry J. Byron, to whose brilliant and benign influence certain of our contemporary dramatists are so indebted—whether they care to admit it or not.

Among the distinguished playgoers who booked seats for the first sight (or night) of "The Princess's Nose" were Lord Wolseley and several other noted warrior-chiefs, the Countess Bective, Sir Squire and Lady Bancroft, Mr. Anthony Hope, Dr. Conan Doyle, Lady Irving, several M.P.'s, and the Prince and Princess of Wales.



Pulci (Mr. H. R. Hignett). Paolo (Mr. Henry Ainley). Giovanni (Mr. George Alexander).

"PAOLO AND FRANCESCA," AT THE ST. JAMES'S THEATRE.

ACT III., SCENE I.—THE DRUG-SHOP OF PULCI. GIOVANNI, FRANCESCA'S HUSBAND, HEARS PAOLO TELL PULCI OF HIS LOVE FOR FRANCESCA.

Photograph by Gordon Smith, Allerton Road, N.

ROYAL VISIT TO THE WEST:

THE EARL OF MOUNT EDGCUMBE'S SEASIDE HOME, VISITED BY THE KING AND QUEEN
ON SUNDAY LAST.



MOUNT EDGCUMBE: THE GARDEN-FRONT.



MOUNT EDGCUMBE: FROM THE AVENUE.

Photographs by Heath, Plymouth.

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THE MAN IN THE STREET.

The Dislocated Season—Some Extra Bank Holidays—The Over-Bridge Buses—Widening London Bridge—England versus Australia.

THE almanack seems to have got into a muddle and to fancy that it is November; otherwise, it is hard to account for the heavy fogs with which March opened. We have always been given to understand that March is a windy month, and that, although it goes out like a lamb, it comes in like a lion. The present month by no means acted up to its reputation, for the learned Clerks of the Weather inform us that the fog of last week was due to a high barometer and no wind. I have noticed of late years that the seasons have been getting sadly mixed up, and that we are given warm weather at Christmas and bitter cold in July, but November in March is an innovation which, I hope, will not be continued in our next.

It will be rare bad luck if we do not have summer weather this June for our old English junketings at the Coronation. We are to be given two new Bank Holidays this year, June 26 and 27, which is quite in accordance with our national habit of legalising what we should take anyhow. It looks as if this year would be rich in Bank Holidays, for, in addition to these two extra days, we shall probably get a new permanent holiday, called Empire Day, somewhere in the summer. The date of the new Bank Holiday is not settled yet, but it must obviously fall somewhere between Whit Monday and the first Monday in August. There is a stretch of over two months, the finest in the year, without a legal holiday, and I should say that Midsummer Day or thereabouts is the natural and proper date. If "The Man in the Street" gives his mind to it, he can put in a fine-sized piece of holiday-making on the longest day. In spite of the fogs, there is a sort of feeling in the air that the holiday-time is drawing near.

The arrangements made by the omnibus proprietors to fill the place left vacant by the County Council's Little Red Buses on the over-bridge service did not come to much on Friday last. It was said that the service was to be taken over bodily, but some hitch must have occurred, for the scramble for buses by people coming into London by the early trains on Friday was something awful. There were four combatants, at least, for every seat on a bus, and, by the look of it, there might have been a football or an unpopular referee on the steps of the buses instead of merely a worried conductor. I hope by this time things have been put straight, for the over-bridge service is such a comfort that it must be supplied by some one or other.

The widening of London Bridge is going to be taken in hand as soon as possible, and a good thing too. The idea is to build the foot-paths out over the river and to throw the existing foot-paths into the roadway. One side of the bridge will be done at a time, so as to cause as little inconvenience to the traffic as possible. What we really want is a new bridge over the Thames from Waterloo to Charing Cross by the side of Hungerford Bridge. The foot-bridge along the railway is not enough, for the rush from South to North in the morning and back again in the evening, to say nothing of the ordinary traffic, is more than the bridges we have can accommodate decently.

The test-matches are over and MacLaren's team has lost four out of the five. After all, there is nothing surprising in this, for when they went out we looked on them as only a second-rate team, and some of us were surprised when they beat Australia by an innings and 124 in the first match at Sydney. In the five matches the Australians scored an aggregate of only 142 runs more than MacLaren's men, which shows that they had plenty of luck to win four matches out of five. The team that is coming over from Australia this summer will need all its luck if it is going to win a test-match against an All England Eleven with Fry, Ranjitsinhji, Rhodes, and Hirst in it—to name no others who spent the winter at home.

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SMALL TALK OF THE WEEK.

*Royalty at
Badminton.*

The Duchess of Beaufort, who is a clever hostess, gathered together a particularly interesting and brilliant house-party in honour of her Royal guests. Among those who graced the meet of the Duke of Beaufort's Foxhounds at the charming, picturesque spot known as Worcester Lodge were Lord and Lady Lansdowne, Lord and Lady Londesborough, Mr. and Lady Katherine Somerset, and M. de Soveral. Lady Airlie was in attendance on the Princess of Wales during her visit to Gloucestershire, and will be on duty the whole of this month.

The Duke of Beaufort is a keen sportsman and a most popular "M.F.H." His Grace is familiar with every man, woman, and child in the neighbourhood of Badminton, and he is carrying on most worthily the great traditions of his house.

Next Monday the Irish Guards will be *en fete*, for the Queen, repeating her kindly and tactful action of last year, will on that day present a bunch of shamrock to every soldier belonging to the newly formed corps of gallant Irishmen.

Lady Limerick and her enthusiastic helpers of the Shamrock League have been working hard the last few days getting ready the boxes in which were to be packed fragrant bunches of Ireland's national plant. Last year, the League cleared over one thousand pounds, devoted to the benefit of the wives and widows of disabled and killed Irish soldiers; this year, over twice that large sum is expected to result, for half-a-crown and four-shilling boxes of shamrock have been ordered from literally all over the world. The League owes a debt of gratitude to Sir Thomas Cleeve, in whose great warehouses at Limerick all the shamrock despatched from that part of Ireland has been most intelligently and carefully packed in boxes recalling those containing Queen Victoria's South African chocolate.

The Royal Crown.

The crown which is to be worn by King Edward is one of the finest of regal coronets and contains a remarkable number of jewels, no fewer than 2785 diamonds having been used in its ornamentation; while among the seventeen sapphires is one particularly large and flawless stone said to have once formed the famous ring of Edward the Confessor and supposed to give its

wearer the power of curing cramp. Yet another sapphire to which historic interest attaches is that which was left, strangely enough, by George III. to Cardinal York, the last legitimate descendant of James II. Set prominently, so as to be seen by all those who look their monarch face-to-face, is "the fair ruby, great like a rocket ball," which was given to the Black Prince by the then King of Castile and which was imbedded in the helmet of Henry V. at Agincourt. What is called "Edward the Confessor's Crown" is very much simpler, but it plays a greater part in the Coronation than does the State Crown, for, even when not actually worn by the Sovereign, it is always placed in a prominent position during the

course of the ceremony. This crown is composed of fleur-de-lis studded with pearls; a number of arches rising from the rim meet in the middle, where they are embossed with huge pearls.

*A Sensational
Marriage.*

The *Morning Post* provided its readers with an interesting item of news last week, namely, that of the marriage of Lord Alfred Douglas, the brother of Lord Queensberry, to Miss Olive Custance, the well-known poetess, which has just been celebrated at St. George's, Hanover Square. Yet another paragraph in the same paper informed the public that the engagement between Miss Custance and Mr. — had now come to an end! Surely a superfluous piece of information.



Duke of Beaufort.

Prince of Wales.

THE PRINCE OF WALES AT THE MEET OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS AT WORCESTER LODGE, NEAR BADMINTON HOUSE.



MEET OF THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT'S HOUNDS AT WORCESTER LODGE, NEAR BADMINTON HOUSE: THE PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT DRIVING TO THE MEET.

America's Royal Guest and his Princess.

himself with marvellous intelligence to his difficult position as the almighty Kaiser's only brother, and the two are on the happiest terms of fraternal affection. Prince and Princess Henry and their three sons live in the picturesque old Castle of Kiel; they are both devoted to the sea, and the Princess, who, like her mother, the late Grand Duchess of Hesse, is keenly interested in every form of practical philanthropy, has done much to improve the condition of the German "Jack Tar," his wife and children. Her Royal Highness is the only Royal European lady who has ever been to China, and this is the more curious when it is remembered that otherwise she has scarcely ever left Germany, save to pay brief visits to this country, where she spent much of her girlhood with Queen Victoria. Prince and Princess Henry of Prussia are to represent Germany at the forthcoming Coronation.

Another Blow to Berlin Spiritualists.

Adherents of occult sciences are being ruthlessly disillusioned in Berlin (writes my Correspondent in that city). Readers of *The Sketch* will remember that the German Emperor only quite lately expressed himself most emphatically about "Christian Science" and occultism generally. The Berlin detectives have just scored a signal victory over a person who pretended to be a "medium" possessed of

extraordinary powers. The woman's name is Anna Rothe. She certainly did possess wonderful powers, for she was able through sheer brazenness to impose upon a great number of credulous people in a most unheard-of way. Whilst a "séance" was being held, the ladies and gentlemen were suddenly surprised by the down-raining of beautiful white narcissi from above. They evidently quite believed in their "medium's" occult powers. Unfortunately for Anna Rothe, however, two smart German detectives were in hiding under the very table which had been previously used for sundry table-turning and table-tapping performances. They took the "medium" prisoner, and she was promptly and rigorously searched from head to foot by a female warder. Underneath her ample petticoats were found quite a number of lovely narcissi all ready to be showered down upon the heads of the "faithful" adherents of the worthy Rothe's mysticism.



[Photograph by Alice Hughes.]

THE DUCHESS OF BEAUFORT.

WHO ENTERTAINED THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES LAST WEEK.



[Photograph by Elliott and Fry.]

THE DUKE OF BEAUFORT.

as they can from the dismal dirge of the uninteresting Customs Tariff, the Sugar Question, and all other equally dry and solid matters. Miss Florence Lascelles, the daughter of the British Ambassador, is just off for Sicily, where she is going to stay with her married brother, who is in the Consular service. Lady Edward Cavendish is also leaving Berlin, for England. Sir Frank Lascelles will soon be left all alone in solitary dignity in the spacious Embassy. I may mention here, by the way, that his Excellency has just been immortalised by having his portrait taken by the representative of *Vanity Fair*. It will be interesting to see whether the artist has caught a good likeness.

The Berlin Season is rapidly drawing to its close; all members of Society are hurrying away as hard



PRINCESS HENRY OF PRUSSIA.



PRINCE HENRY OF PRUSSIA.

TO REPRESENT GERMANY AT THE CORONATION FESTIVITIES.

Photographs by Histed, Baker Street, W.

Notable New Honours.

Those who thought that the King would reserve the bestowal of the vacant Garter till the Coronation were mistaken, for His Majesty has conferred this high honour on the Duke of Bedford, one of the most loyal and zealous supporters of the Crown, the head of the great House of Russell, and the owner of historic Woburn Abbey. The new Marquis of Waterford will receive endless congratulations from his large circle of relatives and friends on his appointment as a Knight of St. Patrick. There are few more picturesque and beautiful sights than the installation of a new Knight of this fine Order, which takes place in the Cathedral of St. Patrick in Dublin. Lord Waterford is a son-in-law of Lord Lansdowne, and he and his charming young wife are much liked at Court. The only other distinction of the kind he can claim is that of being a Knight of Grace of the Order of St. John of Jerusalem. The new Lord-Lieutenant of County Down is Lord Londonderry, one of the most energetic of statesmen and popular of Irish landlords.

"A Daughter of the Gods."

Mrs. Godfrey Baring, the beautiful young wife of one of the worthiest representatives of the great Baring family, comes of a race celebrated for the beauty of its daughters, her mother having been a Graham of Netherby and her father a Mackintosh of Mackintosh. Mrs. Baring, who



MRS. GODFREY BARING, A POPULAR SOCIETY BEAUTY.

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.

spends a portion of each year in the Isle of Wight, is devoted to the sea, and as accomplished as she is beautiful. She is a cousin of Lord Crewe's young daughters, and a niece of the Duchess of Montrose.

A Memorable Anniversary.

On Monday the King and Queen celebrated, amid much family and national rejoicing, the thirty-ninth anniversary of their wedding-day, and in honour of the occasion their Majesties gave a dinner-party, followed by a very small reception. Those who have the honour of seeing Queen Alexandra frequently find it almost impossible to believe that in something like ten years she and the Sovereign will celebrate their Golden Wedding-day! A touching little memento of the 10th of March, 1863, is the old-world photographic group taken of the then Prince and Princess of Wales on their wedding-day, when they were just about to start off for their short honeymoon in the Isle of Wight. Queen Victoria, yielding to her son's wishes, consented to form one of the group, and there is something deeply pathetic in the contrast afforded between the serenity and happiness of the Prince and Princess and the look of deep sadness with which the whole figure of the widowed Sovereign seems to be shadowed.

The Countess of Darnley.

The Countess of Darnley, one of the half-dozen Australian "Society beauties" who will represent our Colonial cousins in Westminster Abbey next June, has joined the ranks of those who do not allow social claims and pleasures to interfere with literary predispositions and aptitudes, and

is about to have published a novel dealing with the interesting subject of social life as viewed through English and Australian spectacles. The work, which is called "Elma Trevor," has been written in



THE COUNTESS OF DARNLEY.

Photograph by Esmé Collings, Bond Street, W.

collaboration with Mr. Randall Hodgson and its production will be awaited with much interest.

The Hon. Mrs. Algernon Grosvenor.

Mrs. Algernon Grosvenor, wife of the brother of Lord Ebury, is a daughter of the late Sir John Simeon, who for so long represented the Isle of Wight in Parliament. Mrs. Grosvenor made a great sensation when appearing in one of the great War Entertainment tableaux organised some two years ago by Mrs. Arthur Paget.



KING EDWARD VII. AND QUEEN ALEXANDRA (WITH QUEEN VICTORIA) ON THEIR WEDDING-DAY.

THE THIRTY-NINTH ANNIVERSARY OF THE ROYAL WEDDING WAS CELEBRATED ON MONDAY LAST

Photograph by Mayall and Co., Piccadilly, W.

*From the Pacific
Slopes to the
Atlantic.*

Miss Hilda Spong has recently completed a nice little tour of six thousand five hundred and some odd miles through the United States, "starring" with Mr. Dan Frohman's Company as Lady Huntworth in Mr. Carton's clever comedy and as Mrs. Bulmer in the same author's "Wheels within Wheels." Miss Spong, though but a few years out of her teens, is certainly one of the much-travelled,



MISS HILDA SPONG, NOW PLAYING THE LEAD IN A VERSION OF "NOTRE DAME," IN NEW YORK.

Photograph by Moore, New York.

having professionally visited every part of Australia, Tasmania, and New Zealand, and made pleasure-trips to Ceylon, Egypt, and the Holy Land. That she has not only travelled, but made good use of her eyes, is attested by the amusing account of people and things she writes to her friends who are scattered plentifully about the globe.

Naturally, the more recent letters have dealt with the incidents of her American journeys, which commenced at San Francisco and finished at New Jersey. That she should be enthusiastic over the beauties of the scenery she has passed through and still more enthusiastic about the American people is easy to understand from the fact that, as an artist's daughter, she has been trained to the appreciation of the beautiful, and that the American people have, as she expresses it, made her way a veritable path of flowers wherever she has been. For the success of her tour, one has to rely on the records of the Press, she herself being silent on this most important fact, and, judging from that source, it must have been more than satisfactory. All that Clement Scott and the other critics wrote of her on her first appearance in London, as the Duchess of Coolgardie, at Drury Lane, appears pale in comparison with the glowing eulogy of the keen critics of our Transatlantic contemporaries.

*The Purcell
Operatic Society.*

The success that has attended the endeavours of the Purcell Operatic Society has led to extended operations. For the present season's performances the Directors have selected Handel's "Acis and Galatea" and "The Masque of Love" from Purcell's "Diocletian." The representations commenced on Monday night (March 10) at the Great Queen Street Theatre, by arrangement with Mr. W. S. Penley, and will end on Saturday week. The extension of time and the happy choice of a theatre will enable many who know the work of the Purcell Operatic Society only by repute to join the lengthening list of its patrons. The circumstances under which the work chosen is presented enable a care and attention to be paid to it that are very difficult to find where operas succeed one another nightly and rely for forgiveness for all shortcomings upon the efforts of a "star" artiste. Moreover, the work of the Purcell Society is to no small extent a labour of love, and no pains are spared to make it worthy of the public support by which it thrives.

*Functions and
Festivities in
Dublin.*

The Season in Dublin has been unusually brilliant, partially on account of the presence and residence of Royalty, in the persons of the Duke and Duchess of Connaught and their children, and a great deal on account of the personal popularity of the Viceroy and Lady Cadogan. It would not be Ireland if several good things had not happened at some of the functions. One good lady sailed up to receive the salute of her Sovereign's representative, and, one supposes, feeling a bit chilly, awoke to the consciousness that she and her train had parted company. They say that stout people are not much good in the way of physical exercise, but this good lady vanished in less time than chronicled of any previous record.

Then there is the story of the six curtseys—a story which is likely to become historical. It appears that, owing to the presence of the Commander-in-Chief and Her Royal Highness, who had also her son and daughter with her, more curtseys than usual had to be doled out by the débutantes. Of this they had some premonition from an urbane Aide-de-Camp, who whispered in the trembling ear, "Six curtseys, please." One lady, in the natural tremors of loyalty, bobbed them all to His Excellency, and Surgeon Sir Philip Smyly, a brother-in-law of Lord Plunket, late Archbishop of Dublin, happily present, was nearly requisitioned under the supposition that the lady had fainted.

The Duchess of Connaught has given two balls at the Royal Hospital, and it has been noticeable the refinement of simplicity which emphasised her attire as contrasted with the ornate and variegated display evidenced by some of her guests. It was not, in some special instances, that there was so much of it, as that the little of visible vestment was so stupendous. But, then, as a wit remarked to Lady Cadogan, some people have to make their dresses a trifle eye-catching for fear we should be under the impression that they had none. The Duchess of Connaught is thoroughly unostentatious in her tastes and manner, and her simplicity of dress, no less than the kind smile which Her Royal Highness continually wears, places everyone at ease.

*A Contradicted
Engagement.*

Nowadays, it is quite usual to hear an engagement solemnly announced one day only to be contradicted the next. Last week it was rumoured that two of the most popular personalities in English Society, though, strangely enough, neither of English birth, had just become engaged, and doubtless congratulations poured on Consuelo, Duchess of Manchester, and the Marquis de Soveral, the Portuguese Minister, who has now been for so long one of King Edward's intimate friends.



MISS EDITH FENCHESTER, AT PRESENT PLAYING THE PART OF MOLLY IN "MICE AND MEN," AT THE LYRIC THEATRE.

Photograph by Chancellor, Dublin.

Princess Henry of Battenberg.

Princess Henry of Battenberg has become one of the most energetic members of the Royal Family. Scarce a day goes by but she takes part in some small public function connected with the welfare of her beloved home, the Isle of Wight, with which Her Royal Highness has long had an

with zeal which increases and with the most dogged determination to produce an Army sufficient for the Empire. If one scheme does not succeed, he tries another. He has had fifteen months of stiff labour since he went to the War Office, with constant worry caused by contract "scandals" and officers' indiscretions. Fortunately, he tries to look ahead as well as to survey the past, and, although Parliament may criticise severely, it is not ungenerous nor unappreciative. Mr. Brodrick is handicapped in the House to some extent by his deafness. When a question is asked orally or an interjection is made, it has to be repeated to him by a colleague. Nevertheless, he is a ready and vigorous debater.



LICHFIELD CATHEDRAL: TAKEN FROM THE BISHOP OF LICHFIELD'S GARDEN BY THE EARL OF DARTMOUTH.

official connection as Governor. Princess Henry is about to start for quite a long Continental tour of visits. The first of these is to be paid to the Empress Eugénie, who is the godmother of the Princess's only daughter; indeed, it is thought abroad that the Empress will leave a large portion of her fortune to Princess Victoria Eugénie. "The young Battenbergs," as they are somewhat unceremoniously styled in Germany, are fine, healthy-looking children, and their mother hopes that the three Princes will all become either soldiers or sailors.

Lady Mabel Sievier. Lady Mabel Sievier is the only sister of the fourth Marquis of Ailesbury. She was just of age when she was granted a patent of precedence as a Marquis's daughter, her father having died prematurely when she was only two years old and before he had succeeded to the title. Lady Mabel, who was one of the prettiest débutantes of the late 'eighties, married some ten years ago Mr. Robert Standish Sievier. Since then she has lived much in the country, at Toddington Park, her husband's pretty country place in Bedfordshire. Lady Mabel and Mr. Sievier, who are both devoted to sport and outdoor life, have two children—a son, who bears his mother's maiden-name of Brudenell Bruce, and a daughter, who is now ten years old.

Soldiers' Pay and Service. At last our soldiers are to receive better pay. A great scheme has been unfolded by Mr. Brodrick in the House of Commons. Henceforth, "Tommy Atkins," if in the ranks and nineteen years old, is to pocket a clear shilling per day, instead of eightpence or tenpence, and in certain circumstances he will get sixpence more. Every man will be allowed to enlist, except in the Household Cavalry, for three years, with nine years in the Reserve. At the end, however, of two years' service, he may—if he choose—decide to complete eight years with the colours (followed by only four in the Reserve), and if he so decide he will from that date get eighteenpence a day. This system has been devised by the Secretary for War in order to obtain a sufficient number of recruits, and it is viewed by many experts with favour.

The War Minister. Although Mr. Brodrick is not an orator, nor even a brilliant Parliamentarian, he is a hard-working Minister,

The Liberal Split. "C.-B." and Mr. Asquith continue to sit on the same bench, but they consult together by means of public letters and speeches. There is an affectation of union, while the sections go different ways when the division-bell rings. Each claims to have the truly Liberal faith. How long this will continue I cannot prophesy, but the separation may become complete any night. From the point of view of sport, it is a pity that Lord Rosebery does not sit in the House of Commons. If he were there, the controversies about "clean slates" and "old creeds" might be brought promptly to an issue. Meantime, people are inclined to cry, "A plague on both your tabernacles!"

Three Lenten Engagements.

The engagement of Lady Susan Beresford and Mr. Dawnay, who is one of Lord Roberts' Aides-de-Camp and a first-rate soldier, has aroused great interest in Ireland, where Lord Waterford and his two pretty sisters are immensely popular. Lady Susan lives with her sister, Lady Clodagh Anson, but she will probably be married from the house of her uncle, the Duke of Abercorn. Yet another coming wedding of great interest to military folk is that of General Smith-Dorrien, who is marrying the daughter of a brother officer. Two most popular London celebrities, the Dowager-Countess De La Warr and the Rev. Paul Williams Wyatt, the Chaplain of the Savoy, have just announced their engagement to a large circle of friends. Lady De La Warr is the mother of Lord Brassey's son-in-law and of Lady Margaret and Lady Mary Sackville.



Prince Leopold. Princess Victoria. Prince Maurice

PRINCESS HENRY OF BATTENBERG AND THREE OF HER CHILDREN.

Photograph by Heath, Plymouth, published by the London Stereoscopic and Photographic Company, Cheapside.

Miss Edith Grey-Burnand and Mr. O'Sullivan.

Miss Edith Grey-Burnand and Mr. Denis O'Sullivan, together with Miss May Coleman and the celebrated Lebell-Peckskai Trio, have combined forces for a Spring Tour, which, considering the attractive array of talent, should be an eminently



Photograph by Desgranges, Nice.

MISS EDITH GREY-BURNAND.



[Photograph by Thore, San Francisco.]

MR. DENIS O'SULLIVAN.

MAKING A SPRING TOUR WITH THEIR OWN CONCERT-PARTY.

successful one. Miss Edith Grey-Burnand is a charming young lady, gifted with a soprano voice of exceptional quality which she uses in a most refined and artistic manner. Though most of her training was acquired in the United States, she is of English birth and a cousin of Mr. F. C. Burnand. Mr. Denis O'Sullivan is well-known to English audiences as a fine baritone who entered on his musical career with the Carl Rosa Company. Born in San Francisco of Irish parents, he is naturally extremely versatile, and can sing as well in German, Italian, and French as in his native tongue. As an exponent of Irish songs he is probably unequalled to-day. Miss May Coleman has a rich and sympathetic contralto voice and, like Mr. O'Sullivan, sings equally well in four languages. The Lebell-Peckskai Trio is composed of Mdle. Mathilde Lebell, Herr Louis Peckskai, and Herr Ludwig Lebell, respectively pianist, violinist, and 'cellist. Their playing of chamber-music has earned them a great reputation on the Continent, and leading English critics fully endorse this. Mr. Lionel Da Costa is the conductor, and the tour will be made under the direction of Cecil Arthur's Concert Agency.

Mr. Willard in "The Cardinal."

That powerful and varied actor, Mr. E. S. Willard, has recently produced another new play, and, as his custom now is, alas, he has given our American cousins (not to say brothers) the first chance of seeing it. The play is the work of the poetic (and prolific) Mr. Louis Napoleon Parker, who calls it "The Cardinal," a play-name which has been used two or three times. It was certainly used by poor James Shirley, who perished in the streets when flying from the Great Fire of London, and also for a play written (if my memory serves) by Mr. Walter E. Grogan, and produced for copyright purposes a few years ago. Mr. Parker's play, which has already achieved great success in the States, is written around that prodigy of learning and statecraft, Lorenzo de Medici's son, who afterwards developed into Pope Leo X.

To judge from the local Press in each of the American cities where "The Cardinal" has yet been seen, both Mr. Parker and Mr. Willard (who plays the name-part) are seen at their strongest in this play. I understand that Mr. Willard intends to produce "The Cardinal" in London towards the end of the year, by which time he hopes (he tells me) to have a playhouse of his own.

Coronation Robes.

The Royal School of Art Needlework at Kensington is very busily engaged in executing the innumerable orders which have lately been literally pouring in for dresses to be worn at the Coronation. The cloth-of-gold for the robes to be worn by His Majesty and the golden canopy which will be held over the King and Queen during a portion of the ceremony are being made there, and dresses are also in course of manufacture for those picturesque figures at all Royal ceremonies, the Yeomen of the Guard. On the other hand, Dublin is also favoured with Royal patronage, for the purple velvet robes to be worn by the Princesses and Princess Christian's dress are being prepared by the Art Needlework School in the Irish Capital.

Coronation Preparations at Windsor.

The Royal Borough of Windsor, always to the fore when loyal festivities are in contemplation, has already organised Committees to deal with the various forms which its Coronation celebrations will take. Entertainment, Decoration, Sports, and—perhaps most important of all—Finance Committees have already been appointed, and the Mayor of Windsor and Sir F. Tress Barry, Bart., M.P.—the popular Member for the constituency—together with the Dean and Vicar of Windsor and many other prominent townsmen, are working hard in the endeavour to eclipse all previous celebrations, Jubilee and otherwise. Windsor intends to have a right royal time. In addition to lavish decorations, illuminations, fireworks, and a Venetian Fête, there is to be a Fire Brigades Review, a Military Tournament, torchlight processions, a Children's Festival in the Home Park, and the Aged Poor and Old Soldiers will not be forgotten. So, even if not honoured with their Majesties' presence, the little town will not be behindhand in the rejoicings of the whole British Empire during Coronation Week.



MR. E. S. WILLARD IN "THE CARDINAL" (BY LOUIS N. PARKER), PRODUCED RECENTLY IN AMERICA.

Photograph by Sarony, New York.

SMALL TALK ON THE BOULEVARDS.

Anger of Benjamin-Constant.

When, some months ago, I had occasion to visit Benjamin-Constant for *The Sketch* (writes my Paris Correspondent), to wander through his beautiful studio, where then reposed the study of Queen Alexandra, then Princess of Wales, and to chat with him over the painting of the late Queen published by *The Illustrated London News*, I was astonished at his love for England. He even swept away the reproach of fog, for he assured me that many a picture was the better appreciated in a sullen light; and it was on a foggy morning that he saw the glories of the Windsor Castle galleries and put the final touches to the historic portrait of the late Queen. Imagine, then, the wrath of M. Benjamin-Constant when, without the slightest authority, he found his name put down as one of the organisers for a Pro-Boer lottery of the most nondescript character! The gang who had used his name with a sublime disregard to responsibility found to their cost that they had a very energetic man to deal with and quickly "made tracks."

The New "Star." No artiste has made such a positive hurricane progress in the French theatrical world as Yvonne Garrick, of the Odéon. She was a pupil of De Feraudy, the terror of Claretie at the Comédie-Française, in her studies at the Conservatoire, and came out with first honours. I saw her in "Le Luxe des Autres," by Paul Bourget, last week, at the Odéon, and I remembered that it was just thirty-five years ago that Sarah Bernhardt was nervously hesitating in her career. Mdlle. Garrick may not become a second Bernhardt—that is a great deal to hazard; but she will make a world-wide reputation. In pathos, I have seen no young actress so natural and so sympathetic. At the early age of twenty-two she has established a quiet form of sadness, differing from that of Réjane or Suzanne Munte.

The Play-Bill. Alfred Capus seems to me the most remarkable playwright since the elder Dumas. Samuel, at the Variétés, wrote him that he wanted a new comedy. "Right," said Capus, and he sat down and, almost at a single sitting, concocted "Les Deux Ecoles." It is a great success—probably his greatest. The phlegmatic mother, who has never suspected her husband because she considers suspicion out of place and useless in married life; the jealous young wife, who persists in spying on her spouse and only accumulates unhappiness in consequence, are two delightful characters. I hear that the play was immediately secured for England. I should hesitate to forecast a break of their ill-luck either for the Palais-Royal or the Bouffes with their new bills. In the first case, the "Rêve d'Adèle" owes most of its humour to the fact that two gentlemen in love with the same lady unintentionally depute the same solicitor to bid for them in buying a château for her, and the signal is to be a violent blowing of the nose so long as he is to keep on bidding. By no means too pleasant. The Bouffes has a chance with "L'Ardre de l'Empereur," thanks to the very pretty music of M. Clerice, who was, I believe, once associated with London theatres.

Exit the French Couturière. This may sound exaggerated, but it came to me from a source that is unimpeachable. I was assured that practically the entire cutting and designing in the great houses in the Vendôme Quarter had passed into the hands of Austrian, Tchèque, and German workmen and women, and that it was only the sewing that was done by the French.

Perpetual Youth of Actresses. I was scanning through "Nos Artistes," which gives the photographs and biographies of actresses. It is very blunt, and even brutal, in its accuracy. You find that the girl of eighteen you vaguely fell in love with on the previous night is past forty and the mother of many. Madame Laparcière gives her reasons for the actress remaining younger than the ordinary woman of the world. She points out that the actress

inevitably plays a part in which she represents a character much younger than her actual years. A really great artiste assimilates the character, and the freshness of youth suggested remains in private life, she thinks.

Two Famous Restaurants.

Who that knows his Paris does not recall two world-famous restaurants within the shadow of the Opera House? Julien's, so fragrant in reminiscences of late after-theatre suppers, is, I hear, to be pulled down, and in its place will rise a new theatre. And Montferino's passes into the hands of M. Constans, who for eight years was *maitre d'hôtel* at the London Criterion and the Café Royal. Latterly, he has directed Maxim's, where the "Dames" come from.

Carnival in Paris. The Mi-Carême was of a distinctly up-to-date character. At the last moment, the use of "serpentes" was forbidden by the police, and the paper-battle gaiety handed over to confetti-throwing. The nominal reason given was that the early spring had caused the trees to blossom and that they would

be ruined if strapped up with "serpentes." As a matter of fact, the truth was that, out of sheer savagery, the occupants of rooms in clubs and hotels last year amused themselves by throwing down the coils unravelled, and the blow was enough to cut a man's head open. Miss Bessie Abbott must have smiled at the car the students had arranged in honour of "Siegfried," in which the Dragon had a strange and contented wink in his eye, and she, as the "singing bird," seemed very uncomfortable.

The Muzzled Automobile.

There is more indignation over the new automobile muzzling order of Lepine, the Prefect of Police, than was ever excited over Mr. W. H. Long's dog regulations. To be told that these gorgeous and noisy machines must in future only be driven in the Bois at the rate of eight miles an hour, and in the allées and the neighbourhood of the Cascade go at walking-pace—in point of fact, to be the laughing-stock of the cabman with the meanest hack—revolts the aristocratic owners. But Lepine is determined, and a more determined man than Lepine does not exist on the earth.



MDLLE. YVONNE GARRICK IN "LE LUXE DES AUTRES."

Photograph by Reutlinger, Paris.

Art in Berlin. Mr. Herkomer is exhibiting at Shulte's, in Unter den Linden, several very beautiful portraits (writes my Berlin Correspondent). The portrait which seemed to attract most attention was that representing the Earl of Albemarle dressed

in khaki uniform. The picture is hung at the end of the largest room, and strikes the eye of every visitor by its very natural and vivid portrayal of a living and lifelike soldier. The Earl is represented not standing stiffly in gorgeous uniform, as are so many Generals and soldiers nowadays, but as a man who is resting with his right hand on his sword, after a hard day's campaigning. His other hand holds a large wideawake hat. The pose is so natural and the face so full of speaking reality that everyone who enters the room is attracted by the portrait, whether he will or no. Another equally popular portrait by the same painter was that of Professor H. F. Pelham, President of Trinity College, Oxford.

Mr. Frank Daniell, of Colchester, is also exhibiting some good pictures at the same place: quite a crowd of admiring critics were standing in front of his exhibits. One of those most liked, to judge by the remarks I overheard, seemed to be that entitled "La Parisienne," which represented a charming French girl seated on a drawing-room floor, all bestrewn with French illustrated papers, reading a journal of fashion. Another picture, standing on a chair apart, portrayed a bewitching girl, also very French-looking, drinking a cup of tea in pensive solitude. The predominant colour in this picture seemed to be mauve. Next to this picture was a most striking portrait of Professor Charles Benham.



I HEAR FROM DOLLIE—WHO HAS AN INFLUENZA-COLD.

MISS DOLLIE does not often favour me with a letter, so that I cannot profess to be wholly sorry that she should be kept indoors by an influenza-cold. I have never had an influenza-cold myself, and I am much too old and humble a fogey to begin indulging in the fads and follies of modern Society. In such a case as Miss Dollie's, however, it is just as proper to have an influenza-cold as to master the art of Ping-Pong or stop up your ears with extravagant haste when anybody begins to whistle "The Honeysuckle and the Bee." Of course, an influenza-cold is not entirely unattended by discomforts; but then, even when you play Ping-Pong, you spend about seven-eighths of the evening groping under sofas and chairs for the ball. On the whole, therefore, I congratulate Miss Dollie on the occurrence as much as I do myself. Here is the letter—

IN BED, SUNDAY EVENING.

DEAR OLD CHIC,—

What a long time it seems since I wrote to you! (I always begin like that, I know; but then it always is, and I am too proud to apologise right out.) You will see by my heading that I am writing this in bed. It isn't exactly a dream of comfort, because I've got the inkpot on a chair, and I have to sort of carry the ink in my nib across a mile of counterpane before I get to the blotting-pad, which is balanced on my knee. I don't know whether you understand that description; but I'm afraid I can't describe the situation more clearly. By the way, while I think of it, I would rather that Master Thomas did not draw a picture of me in bed. At least, in case he does, you may as well tell him that I have got on a very pretty dressing-jacket. But I haven't told you yet *why* I am writing to you in bed on Sunday evening. Well, the fact of the matter is that I am suffering from a very bad influenza-cold. When I first began to feel seedy, I told Mamma that I was sure I had influenza, and she made me very angry by saying that she was sure it was only a cold. Just as though one doesn't know better oneself what is the matter with one than anyone else! (There seem to be a whole heap of "ones" in that last bit, don't there?) Well, we sent for Dr. Richardson, and he came puffing round, in his usual fat little way. Mamma said—
"Dollie thinks she has influenza,

DEAR
OLD
CHIC,—



Dr. Richardson, but I say it is only a cold. What do you think?"

I wasn't going to be had like that, of course, so I said, "It is influenza, Dr. Richardson. I've got a pain in the back."

"Let me feel your pulse," said the old doctor.

So he felt my pulse, and looked at my tongue, and took my temperature, and fussed about generally, and at last he said—

"Well, well! it may be, it may be; one doesn't know. You see that? One doesn't know."

"Then you ought to know," I exclaimed. "What's the good of being a doctor if you can't tell what people have got the matter with them?"

It was rude, I admit; but I really felt seedy, and he made me so angry.

"Dollie," said Mamma, "you mustn't speak to Dr. Richardson like that!"

"I beg your pardon, Dr. Richardson," I said; "but it is influenza, isn't it?"

"There may be a trace of influenza," he said, hesitatingly. "Suppose we agree to call it an influenza-cold, eh?"

I closed with that, Chicot dear, and so here I am.

In some ways, it's rather nice to be an invalid. People pay much more attention to you and you can have just what you like to eat.

When I am ill and they ask me what I think I could take, I always say "grapes," promptly.

Sometimes I get them and sometimes I don't. Once, when I had a bilious attack, I tried them with chocolate-creams, but it didn't come off.

It's rather fun, too, having people in to see you. If they're girls, you can say exactly what you think you will, and they don't like to contradict you because you're an invalid. Men get dragged up sometimes, and then they stand sheepishly by the door and talk in absurdly low tones and look preposterously sympathetic. Brothers are the only disturbing element, because, unless one is very bad indeed, they say you're shamming and drop things on to your toes when mother isn't looking.

Even brothers, however, are better than nobody. That is the worst of having to stay in bed, I think, that sometimes you get left all alone.

The only thing to do then is to read, and it is so awfully fagging to read in bed. One never seems able to get the book into the right position. If you lie on your back and hold it up at arm's-length, you can't get the light on it. If you lean on either of your elbows or on both of them, you get tired in about five minutes. If you hold the book in one hand, it nearly breaks your wrist.

I'm quite sure that reading in bed spoils whatever taste in literature one may happen to have. For instance, I read "Tommy and Grizel" when I had the mumps, and I didn't enjoy it one bit. Then I read it again when I was quite well, and I saw at once that it was the most delightful book I had ever read. I think some publisher ought to start a "Sick-Room Library," and have special books written to suit each complaint. People with influenza, of course, ought to have funny books to buck them up, and people with mumps ought to have serious books, because when your neck is swollen and your throat is all sore it is much less painful to cry than to laugh.

Heigho! I wish they'd come back from church. The house is so still and quiet, and I don't feel like scribbling any longer. I can hear all the service from my room, and the singing sounds so much nicer from here than it does from the pew. There! They've just got through the sermon and started the collection-hymn, so my loneliness will be over in about ten minutes.

Good-night, dear Chicot, and good-bye for the present. Heaps of love from
DOLLIE.

P.S.—You *did* have a horrid week-end, didn't you?

Who shall say that no good can come of an influenza-cold? I am already working out a scheme for the "Sick-Room Library."

Chicot



MISS GERTRUDE ELLIOTT AS "LITTLE BRITAIN," THE FOUNDLING,
IN "MICE AND MEN," AT THE LYRIC.

Photograph by Window and Grove, Baker Street, W.

THE LITERARY LOUNGER.

MR. QUILLER-COUCH'S new novel, "The Westcotes," is charming. It is very short—little more than an episode—but, from the delightful dedication to Mr. Henry James to the pathetic but altogether satisfying ending, it is a perfect piece of artistic workmanship. "The Westcotes" must be read very slowly, read at least twice, in order to appreciate the full riches of Mr. Quiller-Couch's style. The story itself is so slight and simple that at first acquaintance one is almost betrayed into the idea that it was simple and easy to tell. But Mr. Quiller-Couch's remarkable talent has never been seen to more striking advantage than in this simple history of the love of Dorothea Westcote for the young Provençal prisoner fifteen years her junior, a history which, written by the common pen, would have been laughable or foolish or painful, but which, in the hands of the author of "Troy Town," becomes a thing of exquisite beauty and most delicate pathos. There is no need for Mr. Quiller-Couch

Mr. Grant Richards has just published "Lazarre," by Mrs. Catherwood, a novel which, in the hands of one of the most pushing publishers of America, has achieved a stupendous success in that country. I believe I am right in saying that more money was spent on advertising "Lazarre" than on any other novel published in America last autumn. Unlike several of the phenomenal American "booms," "Lazarre" is distinctly a story above the common run of fiction. Mrs. Catherwood has been fortunate in finding the central figure for her romance in the young Dauphin of France, the "Pretender" Louis XVII., brother of Madame d'Angoulême, whom she pictures as regaining his senses in America, whither he was removed from the Temple, an uncrowned outcast. The historical setting to "Lazarre" is particularly pleasing, and Mrs. Catherwood has succeeded in a remarkable way in reproducing the Napoleonic atmosphere. "Lazarre" is not an ordinary tale of adventure; indeed, it is lacking somewhat in exciting episodes, but the romantic love-interest is sustained throughout with really remarkable power, and the last scene of all, in which "one Bourbon offers to give away a throne



MRS. HARRY ASPINWALL.

MISS MADOCKS.

MRS. NIGEL BALFOUR.

THREE DAUGHTERS OF THE HON. MRS. MADOCKS.

Photograph by J. Thomson.

to write, "I pray you be gentle with Dorothea. Find, if you can, something admirable in this plain spinster keeping, at the age of thirty-seven, a room in her breast adorned and ready for first-love; find it pitiful, if you must, that the blind boy should mistake his lodging; only do not laugh, or your laughter may accuse you in the sequel." Through Mr. Quiller-Couch's eyes no one can fail to find something altogether admirable in Dorothea.

I have only one slight criticism to make. In most parts of the story the severely restrained style is admirably suited to the subject. But there seems to me to be something wanting in the prison scene which forms the climax of Dorothea's tragic enlightenment. We hardly realise the significance of the conversation between the prisoners until we see its effect upon Dorothea. And it scarcely seems in keeping with justice or art that the tragedy of a woman's soul should turn upon a pun.

"The Westcotes" is, as I have said, a short book, but it contains a number of characters, each clearly cut in a few sentences, each visible, tangible, and full of life. I recommend "The Westcotes" most heartily to everyone who has a liking for literature.

he has lost and another Bourbon refuses it," is as good as anything of the kind I have read for a long time.

Messrs. Hodder and Stoughton are to publish very shortly "The Life of Queen Alexandra," by Mrs. Tooley, who has been given special facilities for her work. The book will be magnificently illustrated with over a hundred illustrations and is likely to be one of the most popular of Coronation books.

O. O.

A HERO'S GRAND-DAUGHTERS.

The three beautiful daughters of Mrs. Madocks are grand-daughters, through their mother, of one of our greatest military heroes, Lord Napier of Magdala; and Colonel Aspinwall, the husband of the fairest of the three sisters, has been fighting long and steadfastly for King and Country. Yet another sister is Mrs. Nigel Balfour, while their only brother has also carried out the family traditions by becoming a soldier.

SOME FAMOUS FINISHES TO THE 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE.

IN the whole series of inter-'Varsity boat-races there has been only one dead-heat. This was in 1877, when bow in the Oxford boat broke his oar at Barnes Bridge. Since then there have been three races which for closeness of finish would be hard to beat. In each case the result was in doubt almost to the last stroke, and in each case only those opposite the winning post could tell for certain which boat had won.

THE RACE OF 1886.

This is known as "Pitman's year," for F. I. Pitman stroked Cambridge; and, after a stern chase of four miles, got up in the last hundred yards and won on the post. At Hammersmith the boats were level, but then Oxford began to go away fast, and at Barnes Bridge held a lead of a length and a-half. The *Times* reporter thus describes the finish—

Off the Limes, Cambridge spurted again and reduced the interval to six or eight feet. The Cambridge coxswain tried to come up on the outside, but at once changed his mind and went back to his proper station. Oxford had to give way, and Cambridge had the inside of the turn. At the Brewery, Cambridge overlapped by a foot. A regular set-to now ensued, Oxford, on the outside of the turn and in the worst water, doing all they knew to stave off what no one could bring himself to believe was defeat, so short was the distance which had to be covered before reaching the flag-staff. Cambridge, on the other hand, knowing they had the inside of the turn and were close home, dashed their oars into the water at the terrific rate of forty-two to the minute, and succeeded in getting level off the "Ship." About two hundred yards remained to be rowed, and the struggle continued, watched eagerly and intently from the four steamers which had now come up, the crews rowing as if their lives depended on the issue, and the sight from the Press-boat on the quarters of the eights being without parallel. Despite a plucky response from the Oxford crew, who seemed to keep together to the very end, the rush of the Cambridge stroke proved irresistible, and, in a scene of great excitement, the eights dashed past the post, the Light Blue flag heading the Dark Blue flag in the bows of the competing boats by what looked very like a short half-length when viewed from close astern, but which the judge decided to be two-thirds of a length. Pitman's performance (he adds) will long live in the memory of those who were looking on, for a more striking example of British pluck and endurance in the most discouraging circumstances has seldom been seen on the water.

GOLD'S YEAR.

The race of 1896 was rowed with much the same result and in much the same way as that of 1886—always excepting the main fact that, whereas in 1886 Pitman snatched the race out of the fire for Cambridge by a good half-length on the post, this year Gold, after rowing an apparently losing race for fully four miles, got up in a final rally and won by a short half-length for Oxford, amidst a scene of indescribable excitement. At the two-mile post, Cambridge had a half-length lead, which half a mile farther had been increased

to a length and a-half. The race now looked as good as over. But a change came over the scene. Along Chiswick Eyot, Oxford suddenly pulled themselves together and began to go up to the leaders. Foot by foot they gained, and at Chiswick Church were actually overlapping. The excitement was now intense. Oxford, urged on by the frantic shouts of their supporters, continued to creep up. At Barnes Bridge, however, they seemed to falter, and Cambridge went under the bridge with a lead of three-quarters of a length. But from here to the finish Oxford had the inside of the curve, and good

use they made of it. Foot by foot and stroke by stroke they crept up. Cambridge quickened desperately. It was no use. At the Brewery, Oxford were only a few feet to the bad. At the upper end of the Brewery grounds they were level. Cambridge struggled gamely to avoid defeat, but it was not to be. Oxford went ahead and won a tremendously exciting race by two-fifths of a length.

THE FIRST RACE OF THE CENTURY.

Last year's struggle can compare with any of its predecessors for an exciting finish. At the Barnes end of Chiswick Eyot, Cambridge held a lead of a length and a-half. At Barnes Bridge this

had been reduced to about a length. Now began a struggle the like of which has been seldom seen. Oxford, on the inside of the curve, still gained. At the "Ship," they were only half-a-length behind and were coming up hand-over-hand. "In the face of the raging gale," says a reporter, "the ding-dong struggle went on. At the Brewery, Oxford drew level. Cambridge, in one last, despairing effort, actually quickened to forty-two, but it was of no avail. Oxford, keeping their form right to the finish, and pulling the stroke clean through, got their nose in front and won on the post."

So was won the first race of the century. May the second be like unto it!

H. JENNER-FUST III.

"CLARA IN BLUNDERLAND."

An excellent piece of political satire is "Clara in Blunderland," by "Caroline Lewis." Sometimes, it is true, it is not too easy to identify the personages in the new "Alice" from the letterpress, but the delightful pictures by "S. R."—really remarkable adaptations of Sir John Tenniel's famous drawings—form an unfailing key to the letterpress. The parody of "The Walrus and the Carpenter," and "Will you join our little gambols?" said the Doctor to the Gauls," are, perhaps, the best things in the book—unpolitically speaking, of course.



FINISH OF THE 1896 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE: OXFORD WINNING BY A SHORT HALF-LENGTH.



FINISH OF THE 1901 'VARSITY BOAT-RACE: OXFORD WINNING ON THE POST.

Photographs by Stearn, Cambridge.

REVIVAL OF THE SUCCESSFUL PANTOMIME "ALADDIN,"

AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, ANGLESEY CASTLE.



Aladdin (Miss Julia Kent).

Pekoe (Marquis of Anglesey).

REJEWELLED PEKOE AND LUCKY ALADDIN IN
THE DOLL DUET.

Yummy Yum (Miss Mavis Hope).

PEKOE ("A BIT MOONEY ON YUMMY YUM") SINGING
"WHEN WE ARE MARRIED."

PEKOE, YUMMY YUM, AND SKE-MING (MR. HORACE WILTON).

(SEE "MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.")

Photographs by Wickens, Bangor.

REVIVAL OF THE SUCCESSFUL PANTOMIME "ALADDIN,"
AT THE GAIETY THEATRE, ANGLESEY CASTLE.



THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY AS PEKOE: HIS LORDSHIP'S FAVOURITE PORTRAIT.

Photograph by Wickens, Bangor.

A SHORT EXPOSURE OF GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.

ONE OF THE MOST INTERESTING PERSONALITIES IN LONDON, THE EMPIRE (NOT OF LEICESTER SQUARE), AND THE WORLD, PICTURED IN PRINT AND PRINTED IN PICTURE.

"AUTHOR, journalist, critic, Borough Councillor!" Thus Mr. Bernard Shaw describes himself. Comprehensive as the list looks, it is not sufficiently comprehensive. He might, instead of "author," have written "novelist and dramatist," and even then not have stated the case fully. Oliver Wendell Holmes once wrote that when two people met there were six persons present. Mr. Bernard Shaw doesn't need the addition of the second person, even though it be Mrs. Bernard Shaw, to be half-a-dozen gentlemen rolled into one—and more than half-a-dozen. By the way, this characteristic he shares with the Byronic antagonist of the "man," in "Arms and the Man," his play on war, which, in the light of the fuller knowledge of warfare the British public has been learning at the cost of a few hundred millions sterling, ought to be worth several thousands of pounds to some enterprising Manager to revive.

The reason of Mr. Bernard Shaw's many-sidedness might, perhaps, be found in the following remark he was once heard to make, "I did not start life with a programme. I simply accepted every job offered to me, and I did it the best way I could." It was in that manner, for instance, that he became a public speaker. He used to be so nervous when he got up to speak that he considered it his bounden duty to overcome the feeling. By addressing an audience on every possible occasion, he eventually acquired what he himself has called "ordinary self-possession."

In view of the fact that everybody believes that Mr. Bernard Shaw just happens to turn out musical or dramatic criticisms, novels or plays, essays or speeches, with no more trouble than a tap gives out water, this statement is worth considering. Nothing annoys him more than the notion that good work can be done off-hand by mere force of "brilliance." His formula for readable journalism is well known: "Spare no labour to find out the right thing to say; and then say it with the most exasperating levity, as if it were the first thing that would come into any fool's head."

Reclining in a delightfully comfortable chair, it seems like a Shawism for him to call himself "the hardest-worked man in London." As the business of a thinker is to think—and Mr. Shaw is a thinker, whatever other people may think—no one has a right to dispute the statement, for who shall say with what thoughts he was wrestling while he thus lay supine and seemingly at peace with everyone?

For the benefit of the people who think that Mr. Bernard Shaw, like his own Cæsar, walked in, saw everything and collared it—it is by no means improbable that he would himself translate, thus modernly and colloquially, the famous "Veni, Vidi, Vici"—it may be remarked in passing that he came to London in 1876 and put in twenty solid years of hard work before people got to talk of him. During those twenty years he was also inventing the Bernard Shaw of which a certain section of London talks so glibly, though, if he were asked, he would probably say that even to-day only a few people know him.

Each of the different Bernard Shaws is separated from the others in what he once called "water-tight compartments." The Bernard Shaw in the water-tight compartment of musical criticism had a reputation quite unknown to the people of the Drama, and, when he shifted over to the *Saturday Review* and dramatic criticism, the fact that he had spent several years in so closely related a calling seemed quite unknown to his new readers, whilst neither the new nor the old suspected the existence of the Fabian "permeator" of current politics or the prosaic toiler on the Health, Parliamentary, and Electric-Lighting Committees of the St. Pancras Borough Council.

He declares that good journalism is much rarer and much more important than good literature; but, though he defends journalistic criticism with the energy that might be expected from so noted an

exponent of it, he admits sadly that the journalists who dealt with music and drama missed, for the most part, the two great chances given to them in the nineteenth century by the advent of Wagner and Ibsen.

Everybody regards him as one of the High Priests of Ibsenism, yet, when his first play was written and everybody said it was under the influence of "The Master," he had never even heard of the dramatic Wizard of the North.

When his "Quintessence of Ibsenism" came out, everybody said, "He has been sitting at the feet of Nietzsche," whose portrait he is shown on the next page holding in his hands, under that of William Morris. Alas for the formulæ of those who jump at conclusions! When the "Quintessence," which was Bernard Shaw's first essay as a philosopher, came out, he had never even heard of the German thinker. His first acquaintance with the name was through a German lady who had read "Beyond Good and Evil" and took it for granted that Mr. Bernard Shaw must be one of the author's disciples. If only people took a little less for granted in the world, how much more they would find to take!

No reference to Mr. Shaw at this time would be complete without

a reference to Shakspeare. The journalist who substitutes his own sense of humour for Mr. Shaw's, and reports him without reading or hearing him, has a confirmed belief that he considers himself a greater dramatist than Shakspeare. For the edification of that journalist, Mr. Shaw has elected to be photographed reading the preface of one of his own plays. Let the journalist take note, therefore, not only of Mr. Bernard Shaw's attitude of complacent enjoyment, but of the fact that he does not wear slippers, but stout shoes. Slippers argue that physically take-it-easy attitude which invariably translates itself into the mental state, and a mental take-it-easy attitude is the very last in which



MR. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW, "THE HARDEST-WORKED MAN IN LONDON."

Photograph by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

even the author himself ventures to approach the works of George Bernard Shaw.

By the way, the Bernard Shaw superiority-to-Shakspeare theory will not hold water; for it has already been proved that the author of "Plays Pleasant and Unpleasant" wrote Shakspeare. Mr. S. T. James, of Leeds, is the discoverer of a conclusive cryptogram on the subject. Take the following titles, and the fourth letter from the end proves the proposition—

Mac	B eth
Oth	E llo
Comedy of Er	R ors
Merchant of Ve	N ice
Coriol	A nus
Midsummer Night's D	R cam
Merry Wives of Win	D sor
Measure for Mea	S ure
Much Ado About Not	H ing
Antony and Cleop	A tra
All's Well that Ends	W ell.

"'Tis as easy as lying," as the Hamlet Mr. Bernard Shaw did not write once observed—and quite as conclusive.

His plays—the Pleasant and Unpleasant ones, not those ascribed to Shakspeare—were written simply because people asked him to do so, and got more than they bargained for. If only a few more people would ask, how much richer the literature of our generation might be!

Meantime, the Managers, and Actor-Managers at that, who have asked for plays and have inspired their writing have shied at producing them in the regular way. Thus it has come about that the Quintessence of Bernard Shaw has been for the most part distilled into golden guineas in America, while in London it is to be only occasionally enjoyed on a Sunday evening with the Stage Society or at rare intervals at one of the West-End theatres.

"THE SKETCH" PHOTOGRAPHIC INTERVIEWS.

III.—MR. AND MRS. GEORGE BERNARD SHAW.



EXCOGITATION.



HE ALWAYS SPEAKS TO THE GALLERY.



PORTRAITS OF NIETZSCHE AND WILLIAM MORRIS



CHEERFULLY INDUSTRIOUS.



DOMESTICATED.



METHODICAL.



WAGNER.



READING HIS OWN PREFACES.



"GOOD-BYE! COME AGAIN!"

Photographs by Foulsham and Banfield, Wigmore Street, W.

THE BORDER CASTLE: PAST AND PRESENT.



A modern scene, an ancient setting,
 Low chairs about the tea-cups drawn;
 The fun, the frolic, the coquetting,
 The sound of laughter on the lawn:
 And, reddened by the sunset glory,
 The stately turrets, grey and strong,
 Whose every stone can wake a story,
 A legend or a song.

Songs such as once the minstrel sang us,
 Inspired in mediæval hours,
 When first Sir Robert or Sir Angus
 Built up these battlements and towers;
 In days of turmoil and disorder,
 When the old Laird arrayed his spears,
 And led them forth across the Border
 To lift his neighbour's steers.

Then, where the ivy hides the sparrows,
 You might have heard the crossbow twang,
 And half a hundred trusty arrows
 From rift and roof and loophole sang;
 While on the grass beneath, devoted
 This evening to your croquet breaks,
 The rugged henchmen, buckram-coated,
 Played games for heavier stakes.

The picture changes: muskets rattle,
 And down the avenue of limes
 The faithful few go forth to battle
 For banished Stuarts in later times;
 And all too soon come troopers riding
 On quiet autumn afternoons,
 To look for Jacobites in hiding
 From Johnny Cope's dragoons.

Hither came gallants with their duels,
 Came with hot answer, angry brow;
 Fair ladies with the lace and jewels
 That go to deck their daughters now:
 So does the spacious panorama
 Unroll itself from age to age
 Of actors in that human drama
 Where we now hold the stage.

And, as the faded threads unravel
 Of page and palfrey, spur and steel,
 Look, circling round the sweep of gravel,
 Miss Kitty on her new free-wheel
 Summons us from the realms of mystery,
 Makes all our dreamy musings vain,
 And brings us back from dusty history
 To vigorous life again.

Then, here's the Colonel, warm and cheerful,
 Home from the butts, and full of words,
 Telling us that the wind was fearful
 And played the dickens with the birds.
 Ah! while his pleasant, aimless chatter
 Babbles through such momentous things,
 What do romantic memories matter,
 Lost fights or exiled Kings?

Yet, there's the contrast—over yonder,
 That laughing crowd, alert and gay,
 Light-hearted butterflies that wander
 Through flowers of pleasure for a day,
 And this majestic front commanding
 The pageant as it passes here,
 Storm-smitten, weather-worn, and standing
 Unaltered year by year. ALFRED COCHRANE.



LADY MABEL SIEVIER.

(SEE "SMALL TALK.")

Photograph by Lafayette, Bond Street, W.



MISS ESME BERINGER.

(SEE "MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.")

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.



THE HON. MRS. ALGERNON GROSVENOR.

(SEE "SMALL FAIR.")

Photograph by J. Thomson.



MRS. BROWN-POTTER, WHO RESIGNED THE PART OF CALYPSO IN "ULYSSES,"
AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Portrait Study by James H. L. Hyatt, 70, Mortimer Street, W.

THE BOOK AND ITS AUTHOR.



"ULYSSES": THE POEM.*

ON leaving Her Majesty's Theatre after witnessing the first performance of "Ulysses," the play, my disappointment was tempered with the sincere hope that Mr. Stephen Phillips's work would prove itself to be better suited for the study than for the stage. Alas! After reading the poem through with the greatest possible care and with a mind entirely free from any kind of bias, I am reluctantly forced to admit that "Ulysses," so far from losing by its stage-representation, is greatly aided by the talent of the performers and the picturesqueness of the setting.

It is somewhat late in the day to speak of the pantomimic prologue. Even the most ardent admirers of Mr. Phillips's work have admitted the childish triviality of such lines as these—

ZEUS. What wouldst thou?
ATH. This! That he at last may view
The smoke of his own fire upcurling blue.

And the crudity of the following, which might really have been written by a Board School boy with a piece of chalk on the playground wall—

Sire! if this insolence unpunished go,
We soon shall lack all reverence below;
It will be said, "The arm of Zeus doth
shake,
Let none henceforward at his thunder
quake!"

Our poet, I observe, often attempts to strengthen a weak line by the use of a note of exclamation. Similarly, he will drag in his pet word, "glimmering," wherever it is least needed; I find it even in the stage-directions. And, whilst we are on the subject of punctuation and words, I wonder why it is that Mr. Phillips will insist that everything shall take place beneath the moon. For example—

Sing, minstrel, sing us now a tender song
Of meeting and parting, with the moon
in it.

And, again, Penelope, lamenting the prolonged absence of her husband, is made to say—

Never for me that sail on the sea-line,
Never a sound of oars beneath the moon.

One cannot help thinking that Ulysses would have received but a poor welcome had he turned up at lunch-time, for she continues—

Nor sudden step beside me at midnight.

The dear lady insisted, you see, on being startled in some way.

I have already made a reference to the stage-directions. I observe that, in describing the setting of Act I., Sc. ii., the poet has desired the scenic artist to supply him with *whispering* poplars, whilst the property-master is to see to it that "a fire burning gives out the smell of sawn cedar and sandal-wood."

Perhaps, however, in reviewing the work merely as a poem, it is hardly fair to judge such directions from a practical point of view. I shall pass on, therefore, to the one scene in the play that might have been finely written, but was not, just as it might have been well acted, but is not. I mean the scene of parting between Ulysses and Calypso. Our poet, it seems, recognised his opportunity, but, in my opinion,

failed to take advantage of it. That he recognised it, one can gather from his strivings after the picturesque order of writing in such phrases as—

and— The glassy ocean's azure swoon,
and— Poplars shivering in a silvery dream,
and— Out of the green translucent night,
Up to the purple earthly light.

But the fluffiest and, at the same time, most quoted lines are those that stand at the opening of the passage in which Ulysses explains to Calypso that he is tired both of her and of her island. He describes the island in these lines—

This odorous amorous isle of violets,
That leans all leaves into the glassy deep,
With brooding music over noontide moss,
And low dirge of the lily-swinging bee.

"Odorous amorous" reminds me irresistibly of a jingle in a recent musical comedy that ran something like this—

Sweetly cursory,
Childish versery,
Might be worsery,
Nursery days.

Of course, it is entirely suitable to the stage of Daly's Theatre and Mr. Hayden Coffin's inimitable methods, but "childish versery" is hardly what one expects from the modern embodiment of Milton, Tennyson, and Shakspeare. With regard to "noontide moss," I have given up trying to obtain a specimen.

Let me, however, disclaim strenuously any desire to disparage Mr. Stephen Phillips's work. Everyone has already recognised his ability, his industry, and his ambition; nowadays, he is far more likely to suffer from over-praise than from frank, honest criticism. "Ulysses," probably, was written in a hurry, and the writer has been further hampered by trying to write a poetic play that should be suitable for stage-production as well as for ordinary reading. One or the other, it seems to me, was bound to suffer, and it is a pity that Mr. Phillips refused to be satisfied with either his dramatic or his literary laurels alone.

In conclusion, I should like to quote a few lines that occur in the scene between Calypso and Ulysses. The nymph dares Ulysses to deny that it is his desire for Penelope that causes him to leave the island of Ogygia—

CAL. How shall my heart contend against your brain?
Now by that time I thought eternity,
By long sea-evenings when all words would cease,
By all the sad tales of thy wandering,
Sad tales which will be happy to remember,
Tell me the reason of this haste to go.
'Tis she, I know; I want no words to tell me.
But is it she? And now I do recall
Even in your wildest kiss a kiss withheld,
Even in abandonment a something kept;
When veil on veil fell from you, still a veil.
When you so poured your soul out that a woman,
Even a woman, had in her heart said "now!"
I felt in all that sweet a something stern.

This is the passage, I think, most nearly approaching the poet's earlier and better work.

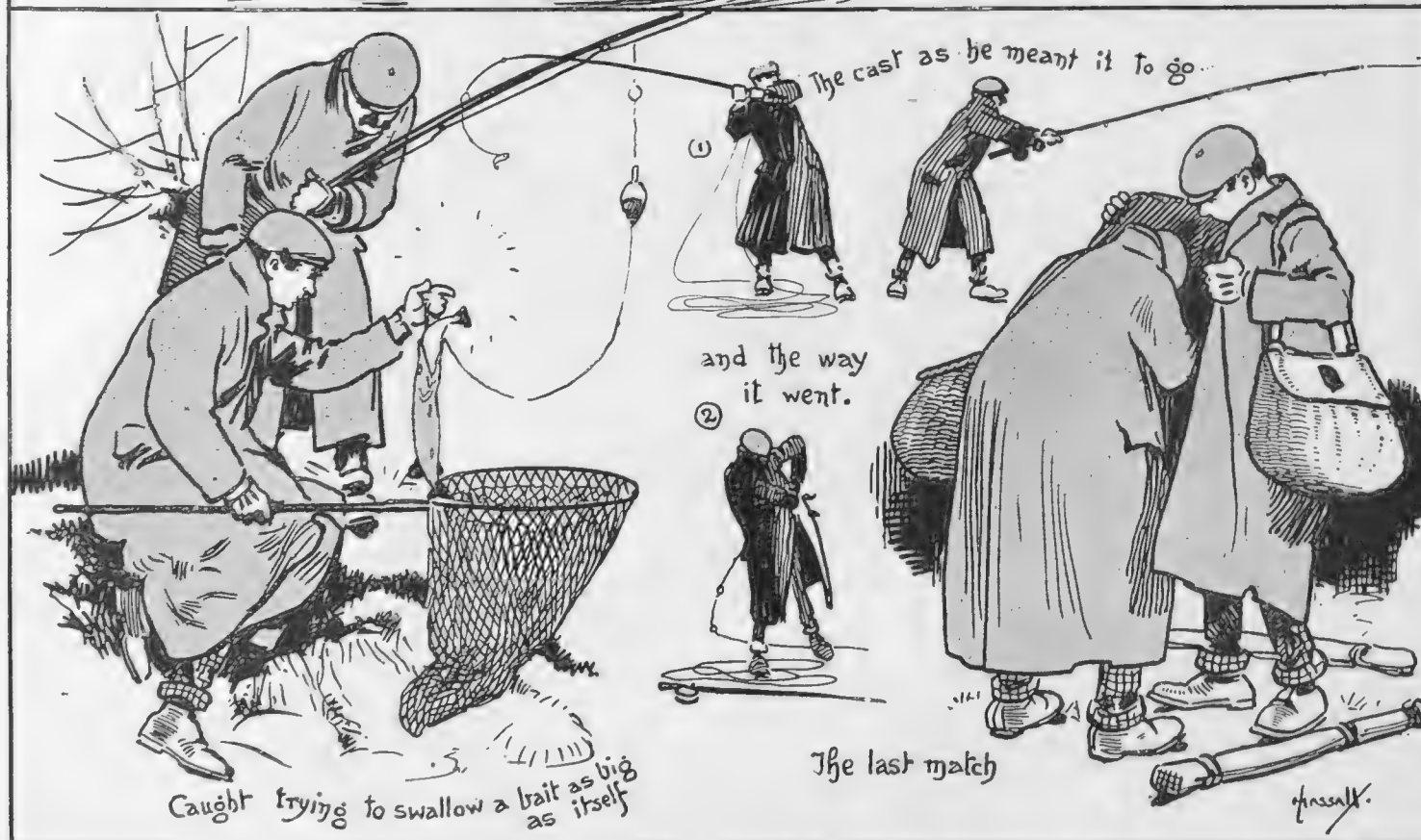
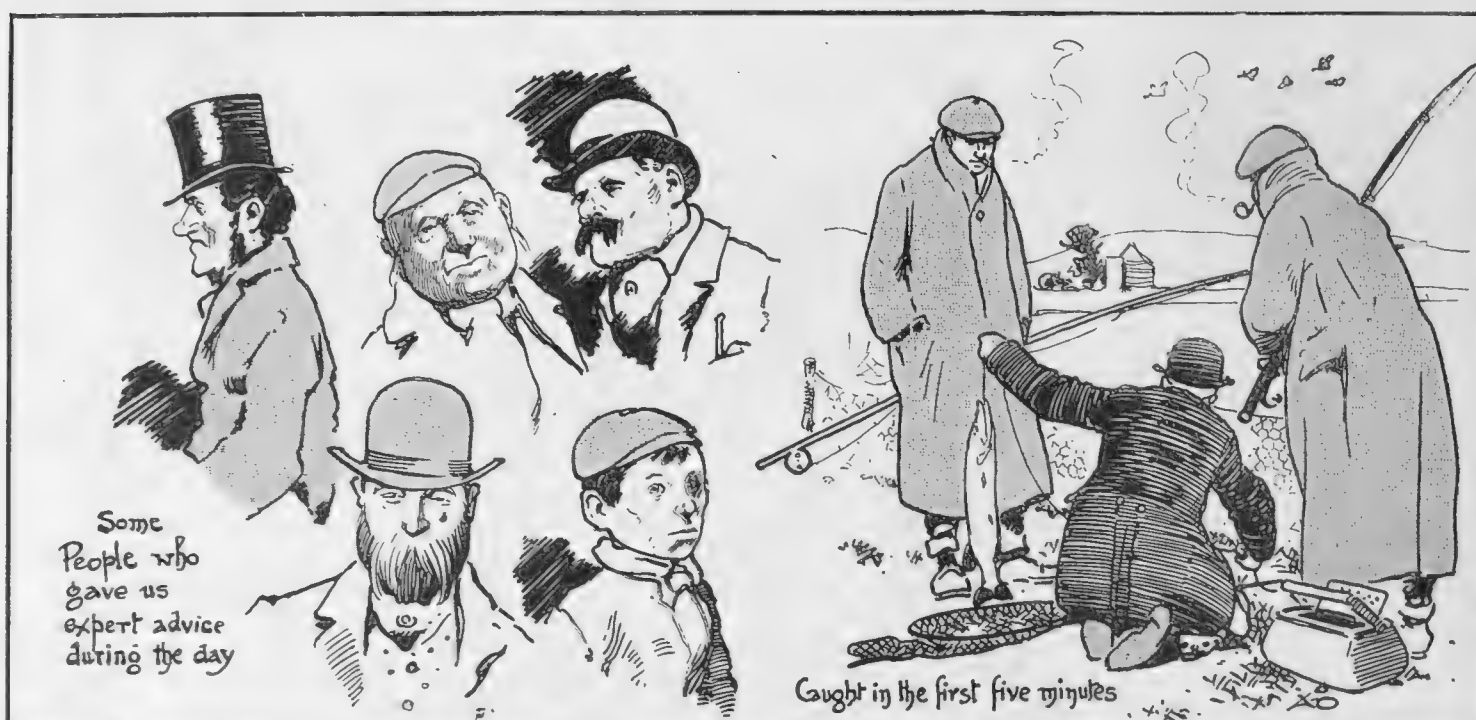
KEBLE HOWARD.



MISS NANCY PRICE, THE CALYPSO IN "ULYSSES," AT HER MAJESTY'S THEATRE.

Photograph by Alfred Ellis and Walery, Baker Street, W.

* "Ulysses." By Stephen Phillips. London: John Lane.





THE NEW EPIDEMIC.

"YOU ARE THE HONEY-HONEYSUCKLE; I AM THE BEE."

DRAWN FOR "THE SKETCH" BY TOM BROWNE.

A NOVEL IN A NUTSHELL.

THE DRAGON.

BY J. W.



S Lady Medburn sat at the window and watched her niece cantering down the drive with the faithful groom in attendance twenty yards behind, she flattered herself on her phenomenal success as a dragon. She explained to Mrs. Barre that this was the third young relative who had been sent down to that remote part of the country to be broken-in.

"You can't imagine what a nuisance it is to be the one unmarried sister of a large family. I get despairing little notes: 'Dear Jane,—Would you mind taking Evelyn for a few months? She has been seeing too much of young'—somebody or other out of the question, don't you know; and next morning, down comes the girl, with a disgraceful temper and a fixed determination to spend all her time writing letters."

"How very awkward for you!"

"Yes. I am afraid I am not very popular. But, then, jailers never are; and I suppose I must resign myself to my fate. And, really, my brothers and sisters ought to be very grateful to me. I saved Evelyn, for instance, from running away with a young doctor with four hundred a-year. Really, these young people have no sense of proportion—"

"And what is the matter with Lilian?"

"Well, do you know, I was warned that her case was a particularly bad one. They told me she was shockingly obstinate. I knew that before, however. They said I would have to watch her wherever she went; that it was quite in her to climb down from her window at night and get married before breakfast. Poor, dear Mary was in despair about the whole thing."

"Who was the man?"

"Some foolish, young, impossible relative of Lord Olton's who had been sent down for steeplechasing in the gardens of his College, or something of that kind, and gone off to look after cattle in Mexico, and been disowned by his family, and had taken to journalism and other disreputable pursuits. An entirely hopeless person altogether. I don't know whether she thought she could share a cattle-ranch with him. I told her, love in a backwood would probably be more uncomfortable than the kind you get in a cottage; but she wouldn't listen for weeks. Tears all night, red eyes at breakfast; then letter-writing and more tears. I really felt quite sorry for the poor girl. But I had to do it for her own sake. I watched her carefully, and never allowed her to go out riding without a groom. Oh, how I have suffered for that girl!"

Mrs. Barre was very sympathetic. "I wonder you do it, my dear."

"Oh! I feel it a duty; and, besides, there is a certain amount of satisfaction in stopping these foolish marriages."

"You seem to have been very successful with Lilian; she is quite cheerful now."

"Yes, I think so." She rose and looked out upon the distant hillside on which Lilian was accustomed to take her daily ride; but nobody was to be seen there yet—the girl hadn't had time to get there, of course. She turned away from the window. "I think it is almost time to write and say the cure is complete."

"I think I should wait till Lord Banford has been here for a few days."

"Perhaps."

Lord Banford was one of the desirable people whom it was Lady Jane's duty to ask down to meet her nieces when sufficiently tamed. He was coming that afternoon. The difficulty always was to import them at the right psychological moment; above all things, they must not come too soon, while the old love was burning with enough heat to make the comparison odious. This time all was going beautifully. Lilian had been seen to smile several times when she had heard he was coming; she had even asked the exact day and hour of his arrival with an interest which an affectation of indifference had failed to conceal from Lady Jane's sharp eyes. That affectation of indifference was really the most hopeful sign. Besides, the fact that for a week he would be the only man on the spot (except the coachman, the groom, and the butler) was bound to produce a good effect. From which it will be seen that Lady Jane was a little unconventional; but, then, she had known Lord Banford since he was a promising child of four, and did not trouble very much about his feelings. Besides, Lord Banford's manly qualities were such that he shone most when there were no other men to compare with him, except, of course, the coachman, the groom, and the butler.

"Did I tell you," said Lady Jane, "that Lilian at first said something about running away with the groom?" Mrs. Barre shuddered.

"Yes, she really did; and I was almost afraid she might."

Mrs. Barre said, "Is she such an awful girl as that?"

"Yes. I believe in a wild moment she might have done it. I had a young fellow, quite handsome, at the time, and I had to send him away. I got a most reliable, elderly man, with side-whiskers and a very blue chin, in his place."

"The man who is riding with her now?"

"Yes, and I defy Lilian to run away with side-whiskers and a blue chin. She is a girl of taste. He came with the most excellent references, and I have instructed him never to let her out of his sight. She grumbled at first, a little; but I am accustomed to having my way."

"Quite right, my dear," said Mrs. Barre. "The other thing would have been too terrible."

"I assure you, it was a great relief to me that I was warned. I don't know what I should have said to my brother if his daughter had done that from my house."

"People have done that sort of thing, you know. I knew a girl once who got married to a lawyer—"

"Oh, don't let us talk of such things!" said Lady Jane, hurriedly.

"Thank heaven, the danger is all over now!"

And the conversation branched off to less gruesome subjects till the grating of the carriage-wheels outside announced the arrival of the very desirable Lordship. He was ushered in and shook hands, then glanced round the room and for a moment seemed a little surprised to find the two ladies alone. The glance was not lost upon Lady Jane, whose infallible powers of observation told her it was an excellent sign.

She smiled. Lord Banford delicately hitched up the knees of his trousers, sat down, and prepared to describe the speed of the train and appearance of the country.

"You were wondering where Lilian is?"

He did not wait to think out how she guessed that—her intuition was notorious. He merely said—

"No; was I? I—er—didn't know Miss Braiston was here. I—er—am very glad to hear it."

Lady Jane's keen intellect told her that, if he were indifferent, he would not have pretended ignorance on the very matter which must have been the only reason for his coming. She was right. Lord Banford was, indeed, extremely interested in Lilian's movements, and he felt that the course of his life had turned him out an article worthy of the highest reward. It is true that he was always a little discouraged when he first looked in the glass in the morning; his hair was undoubtedly a little too sandy, and, if he had had his choice, he would have asked for a little more chin. But even that did not look so bad from in front as it did from the side—which, in his hopeful moments, he took to be some consolation. He was never quite sure whether the moustache was or was not an improvement; it undoubtedly strayed in an uncertain manner and was too undecided in colour to be impressive, and he was at times half-inclined to have it off. He deplored the necessity for wearing spectacles; but, seeing that they must be, he thought they might as well be golden. And aggressively golden they were.

But he felt, and rightly felt, that any man who, in estimating his value, laid stress on little points like these would be entirely wide of the mark; and his experience of the kind of people pretty girls chose to marry convinced him that it is quite unnecessary for any man, whatever his appearance, to despair. And when he considered further that during the whole of his twenty-six years he had never kissed any girl, with the exception of his mother (who, perhaps, did not count); that he bore a title, owned half a county, and was renowned for the almost fatherly interest which he took in the welfare of his tenants; that at the University he had led an ecclesiastical movement in earnest revolt against Some Modern Tendencies; that his name headed the subscription lists of at least three other movements of a social and improving kind; that his style of oratory had been called impressive, and was always exercised for the noblest ends; that, in short, he had from his youth upwards, despite a certain amount of unpopularity thereby earned, set before himself the standard of what a young British Peer ought to be, and was not conscious of having swerved in any respect from his ideal—when he considered all these things and found himself sitting in Lady Jane's drawing-room,

specially invited, alone, to meet Lady Jane's niece, who was certainly charming, and had, he believed, some intelligence, he glowed with a warm, all-pervading satisfaction and anticipation. And, as Lady Jane contemplated him, she thought, with a shudder, of the reckless, hard-riding scamp of a cowboy whom Lilian would, but for her firm, guiding hand, have preferred to this irreproachable paragon who sat, with his toes turned in, balancing a tea-cup on his knee, and turning round furtively every time a footstep was heard outside.

For a long time, however, he suffered a series of disappointments, and his modesty—one of his most eligible characteristics—forbade him from asking why Lilian had not yet appeared. Lady Jane watched his obvious depression with a perspicacious joy. The tea and the conversation dragged on in a desultory way. Lord Banford had a habit of saying "Hee-hee!" at frequent intervals, which had won him a reputation for wit among those to whose objects he subscribed; but even Lady Jane had to confess to herself that it grew a little wearisome, and she began to wonder what had happened to the girl. Never before had those solitary rides caused her to be late for tea, and to-day there was, of course, more reason than ever for her being home early.

"I suppose—hee-hee!" said his Lordship, "that the country is very beautiful about here when seen from the back of a horse?"

"Yes," replied Lady Jane, divining at once the purpose of that remark. "Yes; one is rather apt to forget how time is flying when one is really enjoying it."

"Hee-hee!" said Lord Banford.

"I am afraid my niece must have gone rather farther than she intended: she certainly knew what time you were coming."

"Ah!" said Lord Banford, much encouraged.

"Are you fond of long, lonely rides when the scenery is good?"

"Long rides? Yes," he replied; "but—hee-hee!—one doesn't care to be altogether lonely, does one?"

He would never have dared to say such a thing to Miss Braiston herself; in her absence he was comparatively bold. Lady Jane smiled approvingly. "Yes, it is always nice to have somebody to whom one can point out things. Poor Lilian has often mentioned what a bore it is to have only a groom, riding half-a-mile behind."

"Hee-hee!" said Lord Banford, with deep meaning; and he was going on to something still more audacious, when there was a clatter of hoofs outside and Lilian and the groom rode past the window side-by-side. Lady Jane raised her eyebrows a little at that, but remembered the side-whiskers and the blue chin.

After a few minutes, footsteps were heard in the hall, and Lady Jane's eyebrows rose a little higher as she realised that the groom had come into the hall as well, which was surprising in a servant of such experience. The door opened and Lilian appeared, flushed and radiant. Lord Banford saw that she had evidently been riding hard in order not to keep him waiting, and he read apologies in the hearty shake of the hand which she gave him. She was in excellent spirits.

"You are late, my dear," said Lady Jane, much pleased with the appearance of her niece. "Come and have tea before you change your dress."

"Thank you, aunt; I'm dying to drink something. I am so pleased to see you, Lord Banford! You can't imagine how bored aunt has been with me. She has been longing for your arrival."

Lord Banford saw what that speech meant, and in his joy nearly spilt the cup of tea he was handing.

"No! Really? Hee-hee! I hope you have enjoyed your ride?"

"Immensely! Best ride I've ever had."

"Where did you go, my dear?" said Lady Jane. "I didn't see you on the hill."

"No," she replied. "For once the gate of the prison-yard was

unlocked." And she laughed merrily—indeed, adorably, thought Lord Banford.

Lady Jane thought the new groom had been disobeying her orders, but it didn't matter now.

"And where did you go to?" she asked, while Lilian descended upon the toast, apparently much tickled by this anxiety.

"To Wormington," she said.

Lady Jane was surprised.

"All that distance?" she said.

"What did you go there for? It's a very dull road!"

"To get married," replied Lilian, cheerfully, with her mouth full. Lady Jane received rather a shock, but Lord Banford flattered himself that he entered into the joke.

"Hee-hee!" he said. "How amusing!"

"Yes; isn't it funny?" said Lilian, wagging her head at him. Her levity was irresistible, though Lady Jane thought it hardly in the best of taste under the circumstances.

"But what did you really do there, my dear?"

"Got married," said Lilian, abruptly.

Lord Banford chuckled hugely—he thought he had never met such a delightfully humorous girl. And while he, in his innocence, chuckled, a horrid fear began to creep over Lady Jane. But she tried to

enter into such joke as there appeared to be, and said, with a weak smile, "And who did you marry?"

"Williams," said Lilian, lightly, passing her cup for more tea.

"Williams" was the new groom's name! Lady Jane clutched her chair tightly, to avoid screaming; Mrs. Barre looked up in alarm. Lord Banford didn't know who Williams was, but he began to feel that there was something the matter. Lilian rattled on, unconcerned—

"So funny it was—by special licence, you know. Have you ever been married by special licence, Lord Banford? Do, if you have not. It is most interesting. You've got to go into a funny little room, and everybody looks at you with interest, as if you were doing something awfully wrong; and—please, the toast; yes—I wonder where my husband is? I told him to come in and have some tea as soon as he had given the horses a bran-mash, or whatever it is. I'm sure you



"Lord Banford—oh!—turn that—that—awful creature out! I—Oh, Lilian, Lilian!"

"THE DRAGON."

will like him awfully, if you haven't met him already. You've always thought him a splendid man, haven't you, aunt? He showed me his references, and they were simply perfect, so I knew it was all right."

Lady Jane could only gasp, and poor Lord Banford was distracted between agony at the ruin of his hopes and a wonder whether he ought to thump her on the back. Mrs. Barre took her hand, which brought back her power of speech.

"Lilian!" she almost shrieked—when the door opened and Williams entered, preparing himself for the drawing-room by rubbing his mouth with the back of one hand and dusting bran-mash from his trousers with the other. He grinned and pulled an oily forelock, while Lady Jane sank back and moaned.

"Lord Banford—oh!—turn that—that—awful creature out! I—Oh, Lilian, Lilian!"

Lord Banford moved a step towards the intruder, but hesitated when Lilian said, "Come in, Jack dear; the tea is getting quite cold. Let me introduce you. This is Lord Banford."

"How do, my boy?" said the groom, taking a chair and beaming upon him.

Lord Banford rose and glared furiously, all his face turning the colour of his moustache.

"Go out—fellow!" he began; but Lilian, with an air of sweet pathos and reproof, checked him.

"Oh, Lord Banford! My husband!"

He turned in despair to Lady Jane, but she was beyond giving any help and was staring in astonishment at Williams, who, having drunk one cup of tea, carefully and deliberately removed first one whisker, then the other, then the greasy wig, and finally rubbed off the healthy glow upon his nose and the unhealthy blueness upon his chin. The colours did not come off very successfully under the dry handkerchief, but he changed himself into a handsome, sunburnt man of twenty-eight much in need of a wash, and Lady Jane realised that this was Harleigh, the undesirable young relative of Lord Olton whom it had been her sole object to defeat. It was a relief, of course, to find that he was not a groom, but that did little to take away the sting. She rose with dignity.

Harleigh, as he struggled with the paint on his chin, began to apologise—

"I am afraid, Lady Medburn, I have done rather an unpardonable thing. I don't know what to say to excuse myself."

"I think, sir, you had better say nothing. You will understand, of course, that I cannot receive you here."

Lilian protested: "Aunt Jane, you must not treat your nephew like that!"

Lady Jane turned fiercely upon her. "And I will have nothing more to do with you, you—disgraceful child! You have chosen your path and you must expect no sympathy from me. The carriage will be ready for you in half-an-hour. Good-afternoon!"

Harleigh offered his hand, but she swept by without looking at him and left the room.

"Poor dear!" said Lilian; "it is a horrid blow to her unrivalled intuition. I suppose we must leave her; she won't be so angry when she has had a little time and knows the truth. She really was so awful as a dragon that I had to score off her somehow."

Lord Banford nodded mournfully and found that he had to be back in town that evening.

As Lady Jane sat raging alone that night, there arrived a letter from Lilian's mother. She opened it gloomily. It began—

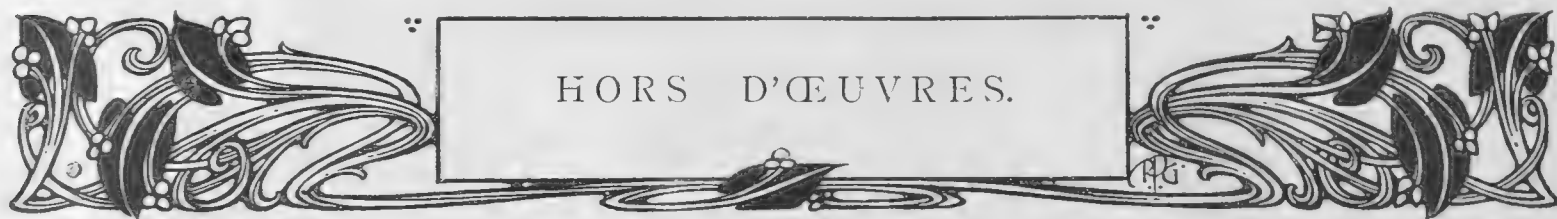
DEAR JANE,—I don't think you need watch Lilian so carefully. It appears that young Harleigh is reconciled with his uncle, and has been presented with their place in Hampshire and quite a large income, on condition of his marrying decently and settling down. It would not be at all a bad thing for Lilian to meet him again. . . .

She flung the letter down.

"And the little villain knew this all the time! Never again will I have anything to do with other people's children!"

And, gentler thoughts coming over her, she sat down and wrote to her new nephew.

The note contained a cheque for a month's wages in lieu of notice; and Lilian, aware that her aunt had some sense of humour, knew that she must have been considerably mollified to have done a thing like that.



INFLUENZA has instantaneously taken the place of small-pox as a recognised scare, and people who a fortnight ago put down to the latter every passing indisposition—whooping-cough, rheumatism, or indigestion—and applied to be transported to hulks on the Thames, now declare they have influenza and commence fearful drinking-bouts on eucalyptus oil. The epidemic is the most widely spread we have ever seen. The Public Schools have it badly, and hope it will be worse and artificially augment the holidays. Till now, "the flu" has been looked on as a "smart," aristocratic complaint. Not to have had it was to be out of the world, and people took cold and called it "la Grippe" from a snobbish deference to the ways of Royalty and the Peerage.

It has just been discovered to be also a sign of a finely strung disposition and considerable mental capabilities, and, now that I come to think of it, I certainly do seem to be peculiarly subject to it. Even thus is the survival of the unfittest arranged for in the grand economy of Nature. A really stupid man of ignoble birth—whatever he may pretend to the contrary—can no more catch influenza than a goat can become consumptive. If your constitution is shattered for life by an attack, you know that this is due to your being more distinguished than other people, and that you would have had a brilliant future before you. The microbes make the greatest inroads where the vital energies are sluggish and dormant, and consequently have played havoc in Parliament and the Government offices.

Prudent politicians keep outside of all tabernacles of any kind, unless disinfected, and, if possible, remain in solitude as well. Keeping the mouth shut is guaranteed by one doctor to be a prophylactic, and the Cabinet is said to contemplate having this information, printed and circulated among the private members. Reduction in the Irish representation has taken place automatically. Some results have followed the agitation for a purer House of Commons, a better Parliamentary atmosphere, and an adjournment has even been suggested to allow the House to have influenza. And why not? It once adjourned to see Madame Vestris, the famous French dancer, and at another time to "do" a first-night of "Hamlet."

There appear to be fashions in influenza. This year there is the same lassitude as heretofore, the same feeling that food is uncatable, everybody else is dull and stupid, the Government incapable and the London entertainments ludicrously idiotic; the brain seems made of

gingerbread and the spine plastic and sometimes nebulous (these sensations are, of course, not strictly accurate or supported by scientific data). But there is not the same pain in the joints, the cough seems hardly as bad, and the recovery is so rapid that the patient is soon as rudely robust as a missionary imprisoned for months by murderous brigands, though this very lightness of the attack tends to make him careless.

There is nothing of that leaden-headedness so noticeable during the first invasion of "la Grippe," twelve years ago—except, indeed, in the case of those in whom this sensation is chronic. There must be several influenza microbes. Doctors seem to invent startling "cures" for fashionable diseases whenever they find time hang heavy on their hands, and the alleged preventives against influenza have become so innumerable that, for myself, I have thrown them over *en bloc* and prescribed a more than usually liberal diet (to build up the system) and abundant rational amusement (to keep the mind from brooding).

The public is confronted with an awkward dilemma. If the weather is cold, it closes its windows and gets small-pox; if warm, microbes thaw into life and it catches influenza. Still, we must remember that the War is responsible for an apparent increase in the rate of mortality, by reducing the numbers of the able-bodied here at home and creating hard times and high prices which tell upon the health of the poor. An expert declares that current coin spreads influenza and small-pox, and should be washed, as is actually done by some of the older Clubs. One has a dangerous tendency to pass money on the moment one has handled it to somebody else—a tailor, cigar-merchant, milliner, and so on, according to sex.

Personally, I have refused to permit myself to expose these innocent tradesmen to peril and disseminate microbes of unknown virulence, and have deposited any possibly infected loose cash in a strong-room at my banker's (at a high rate of interest). At a crisis like this we must protect the great middle-class, however ignorant it may be and reckless in running into danger. A friend of mine has actually argued on these lines with his tailor; the latter has represented that the risk of contamination from new clothes (manufactured by strangers) is ten-fold greater, and says he cannot see his way to supply any more until a decrease in the epidemic allows of the free circulation of coin.

HILL ROWAN.

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MUSICAL AND THEATRICAL GOSSIP.

"WORLDHAM, M.P.," AT THE IMPERIAL.

THERE were many rumours, and some of them quaint, as to the authorship of "Worldham, M.P.," the new one-Act play at the Imperial. Probably now no one will be very anxious to claim it, since, though willing to admit excellence of intention on the part of the authors, one cannot pretend that their achievement is of noteworthy quality. In a piece with a very modern setting, where the wickedness of War-contracts is being discussed, it is rather too staggering to be suddenly introduced to a band of Ghosts, one of whom is so curiously composed as to handle a real pistol, and so irrelevant as to suggest that the new "M.P.," who is not a member of the Ghost family, ought to shoot himself on account of his indelicacies in finance. No doubt, the piece in some respects is strange and effective, but, alas, it is not that very rare thing—a valuable one-Act play. It had plenty of advantage in the acting, since Mr. Lewis Waller gave a strong performance, Mr. Edward O'Neill played very well, and Miss Dorothy Hammond was charming. If playwrights were more accustomed to such strong casts for one-Act plays, this neglected form of drama would soon be looking up. "Mademoiselle Mars" has been much improved since the first-night, both so far as play and playing are concerned, and now, though unabated admiration is impossible, it may be recommended as a successful entertainment.

So great has been the success attending

THE MARQUIS OF ANGLESEY'S PANTOMIME,

"Aladdin," at the Gaiety Theatre, Anglesey Castle, that the noble Lord has been compelled to revive the production on Monday next for a further run. One wonders whether this glittering performance will develop into a hardy perennial. In another part of

this issue, *Sketch* readers will find some excellent photographs of the Marquis in his pretty dresses.

WAGNER CONCERT-LECTURES AT STEINWAY HALL.

I have been much interested in the Wagner Concert-Lectures given on Tuesday, March 4, at Steinway Hall by Mrs. Leighton Cleather and Mr. Basil Crump. Mrs. Cleather commenced with a description of Wagner's art-theories, and remarked on his blending of poetry and music. Wagner in his prose-writings makes a strong point of the combination of all the arts in his music-dramas. He says that the true ideal should combine poetry, the drama, painting, and music. The lady referred to the failure of "Rienzi" in Paris, which led the composer to abandon historical for legendary subjects, the result being the composition of "The Flying Dutchman." An illustration was given of this opera, "Senta's ballad" being sung with good taste and expression by Madame Charlotte Russell. Mr. Crump then continued the lecture, taking "Tannhäuser" as his subject and giving its history and musical treatment. Madame Charlotte Russell sang Elizabeth's Prayer from that opera with charming effect. Mr. E. Gordon Cleather sang Wolfram's address to the evening star satisfactorily. "Lohengrin" came next, with a poetical description of the Prelude to the opera, which was cleverly performed as a pianoforte and organ duet. Mrs. Cleather then gave an excellent account of the story of "Lohengrin," and Mr. Gordon Cleather sang King Henry's Prayer from that opera. Special lantern-slides were employed to illustrate scenes from the operas, and occasionally a few bars of the music were thrown upon the screen. Everything was so managed and the lectures were so well delivered as to afford a clear conception of Wagner's great achievements. An enthusiastic audience filled the hall, which was darkened to make the illustrations more effective. Many visitors seemed to imagine that they had passed an afternoon at Bayreuth, the arrangements were so similar.



CAPTAIN WOODWARD, NOW PERFORMING AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME WITH SEALS AND SEA-LIONS.

Photograph by Petit-Renaud, Nantes.

Lord Robert Wyckham (Mr. Aubrey Fitzgerald). The Duke of St. Kitts (Mr. C. W. Somerset). Lady Sylvia Bowlby (Miss Granville).



Violet Aynsley (Miss Featherston). Hon. Archibald Vyse (Mr. G. Du Maurier). Angela Muir (Miss Annie Hughes). John Bowlby, M.P. (Mr. J. D. Beveridge).

THE FINALE OF "A COUNTRY MOUSE," AT THE PRINCE OF WALES'S THEATRE: ANGELA AND THE DUKE DESCEND FROM THE ROOF AND ANNOUNCE THEIR ENGAGEMENT.

Photograph by Bassano, Old Bond Street, W.

My readers will remember that, in a recent number of the paper, I gave a very clever caricature of

MISS HETTY CHAPMAN,

who plays the good-hearted dresser in "Kitty Grey," at the Apollo. I now give a portrait of Miss Chapman which will show any who have



MISS HETTY CHAPMAN,

WHO PLAYS THE GOOD-HEARTED DRESSER IN "KITTY GREY," AT THE APOLLO THEATRE.

Photograph by Eddison, Ltd., Liverpool.

photographs on this page show him as Will, the Footman, and Blib, the Schoolboy, both of which characters he plays in "Blue-bell" with delightful humour.

If present arrangements hold good, Messrs. Gatti and Frohman will, at the end of the run of "Blue-bell in Fairyland," produce a play by the author of the play next-door, so to speak. The piece they have at present selected is

"ON THE QUIET,"

a farcical comedy written by Mr. Augustus Thomas, author of the Adelphi's successful drama, "Arizona." Messrs. Gatti and Frohman may let the Vaudeville for a few weeks before producing "On the Quiet." This play will in turn be followed by Captain Basil Hood's new comedy, which still bears the name mentioned in *The Sketch* months ago, namely, "Fancy Free."

The new Savoy comic opera, written by Captain Hood, composed by Mr. Edward German, and still entitled "Merrie England," was to have been produced in a week from the date of this issue. The extra demands for seats for that delightful opera "Iolanthe" have



AS BLIB, THE SCHOOLBOY.



AS WILL, THE FOOTMAN.

MR. MURRAY KING IN "BLUE-BELL IN FAIRYLAND," AT THE VAUDEVILLE THEATRE.

Photographs by Ilana, Bedford Street, Strand

not had the pleasure of seeing the lady what she really is like.

The Royal Aquarium plays so large a part in the recreations of the town and country cousin that I am sure my readers will be interested to see a portrait of

MR. JOSIAH RITCHIE, the enterprising Manager. It is no easy task to manage a gigantic place like the Aquarium, and Mr. Ritchie is to be heartily congratulated on his success down Westminster way.

MR. MURRAY KING is certainly one of the cleverest of our younger comedians. He is at present responsible in no small degree for the great success of "Blue-bell in Fairyland," at the Vaudeville. The two

caused Messrs. Greet and Englebach to postpone the new piece till April 3. This extra demand for seats set in even before the King and Queen went to hear Lord Chancellor Passmore declare in song that the Law is the embodiment of everything that's excellent.

MISS ESMÉ BERINGER,

a new portrait of whom is this week exhibited to *Sketch* readers, is indeed a lady of many attainments. She has proved her varied histrionic abilities by playing all sorts of heroines, both comic and pathetic, and her Romeo was a piece of acting not likely to be soon forgotten by those who saw it. From time to time, Miss Beringer, being also a most adroit swordswoman, puts in time as the fencing



MR. JOSIAH RITCHIE, THE POPULAR MANAGER OF THE WESTMINSTER AQUARIUM.

Photograph by Downey, Ebury Street, S.W.

hero in a sword-and-dagger sketch around the chief London and provincial Variety Theatres. Moreover, she has, I learn, just booked herself to enact that ferocious wife-hostess, the sanguinary Lady Macbeth!

Mr. Stephen Phillips has several orders for plays. One of these plays—now well forward—is on the celebrated case

"IN THE MATTER OF URIAH THE HITTITE." In other words, the chief characters will be David and Bathsheba.

I learn that we are really to see Mr. J. M. Barrie's new play,

"QUALITY STREET,"

in London in due course, and that the dainty heroine, "Phoebe of the Ringlets," will, after all, really be played over here by Mr. Charles Frohman's big lady "star," Miss Maude Adams, who has so long been promised to London playgoers. *Sketch* readers may perhaps remember that I published a full description of "Quality Street" some weeks ago.

It might also here be mentioned, for purposes of reference, that *The Sketch* published the first London accounts of "Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough," Mr. Meltzer's American-made Queen Anne play, just secured for England by Miss Ellen Terry; and of Mr. F. Marion Crawford's drama, "In the Palace of the King," and Mr. Clyde Fitch's "social" drama, "The Climbers," which two plays have been bought for the British Isles by Miss Millward, so long leading lady at the Adelphi.

Mr. Arthur Roberts has just informed me that the report lately printed stating that he had taken the Comedy is untrue.

THE MAN ON THE WHEEL.

The Evening Ride—Avoiding the Police—Old Lamps and New Lamps—Candle-lights—The Birmingham Club House—Bicycles in War—Resisting an Invasion—Cheap versus Good Bicycles—The Public Inclination—"C.T.C." Annual Meeting—Suggestions Good and Bad.

Time to light up: Wednesday, March 12, 6.57; Thursday, 6.58; Friday, 7; Saturday, 7.2; Sunday, 7.4; Monday, 7.6; Tuesday, 7.7.

This is just the time of year when people begin thinking of taking rides in the evening after tea. A glance at the lighting-up times at the head of this column shows it is not now necessary to carry a lamp until about seven o'clock. This means that many people can get an hour's ride or two after business without much chance of falling into the clutches of the police for infringing the law by riding without a light. When one comes home tired and weary after a day in the City, nothing braces one up so much as a sharp spin, even though it happens to be in some unpicturesque suburb. As, however, the best-laid plans of mice and men gang aft agley, and as it is well to keep within the bounds of possibility, lest owing to some slight accident one may be far from home towards lighting-up time, it is never advisable to go out without a lamp.

Now, I am one of those who a year or two ago wrote as strongly as I knew how against acetylene-lamps, not only because I regarded them as somewhat dangerous, but also because I believe that a great, flaring light at the head of one's bicycle is not an advantage. My idea is that a strong light, although it warns people coming from the other direction, rather hinders your own sight, and I, personally, prefer to get out of other people's way to them getting out of mine. Therefore, I favour a dim rather than a very strong lamp.

All of us have had our tempers tried at various times through oil-lamps getting out of order. Last spring, I wrote with some enthusiasm on the one or two candle-lamps now on the market. My opinion remains the same. A candle-lamp gives sufficient light, it is very clean, and has none of the nasty smelliness that sometimes afflicts even the best of oil-lamps. With confidence I recommend the candle-lamp.

A few weeks ago I wrote about the proposed establishment of a Cyclists' Club House in Birmingham. I was not quite so sanguine it would be carried to the success which it now promises to achieve. One hundred and fifty riders have already applied for membership, and this number, I am informed, represents four hundred and fifty pounds in shares and subscriptions. The good spirits who have taken the matter in hand have their eye on some suitable premises, so that I rather fancy everything will be in working order within the next month or two. Anyway, I hope so.

We don't hear much nowadays about the use of the bicycle in war. However, it is pleasant to find that the Army authorities have by no means allowed the consideration of the wheel to pass out of the range of what may be called practical military politics. One of the most interesting papers recently read before the Royal United Service Institution was by General Sir E. Maurice, who stated that there are conditions under which the bicycle in war is superior to the horse.

We hear a good deal about the mobility of the Yeomanry, but surely there is nothing so mobile on this earth as a body of cyclists.

They seem to be able to go anywhere and do anything. If ever this country should be invaded, it will be done quickly, and therefore there will have to be even more swiftness in concentrating a defending force. General Maurice declares that the difficulty will be sufficiently met by the power which the bicycle gives of collecting forces in two days or less from a radius of one hundred and fifty miles. This would, he believes, in an easily defended country like England, be sufficient to restrict the progress of the enemy to four miles a-day.

All this is extremely satisfactory to hear. The bicycle is no longer a mere plaything to take its owner into the country for an hour or two. It is something which is building up the nation's health, and in time it may be the instrument to save this country from a great calamity in war.

I have been making some inquiries these last few days about the demand for bicycles. A couple of years ago, people were crying out for a good, serviceable ten-guinea machine, and the manufacturers set about to supply this particular article, and, no doubt, had to cut the profit down to the closest margin to do so. Indeed, something like a war of cut prices set in, which was bad not only for the firms, but also for the riders, because these prices could not ensure that the best material was used.

The great point I discovered was that the public are showing much less disposition to buy these cheap machines than might have been expected. They quite understand that if they require a good article they must pay a good price. Therefore, strange though it may seem, there is a larger sale for high-class, first-grade makes than there is for the cheaper kinds of bicycles. People are arriving at the wise realisation that a bicycle which costs seventeen or twenty guineas is more valuable in the long run than one for which only ten guineas has been paid, because the latter often requires so much attention in the matter of repairs.

The annual meeting of the "C.T.C." takes place at Nottingham this Friday evening. It is not expected that other than officials and very keen wheelmen will travel from all parts of the country to attend the gathering. But it is to be hoped the local members will put in an appearance in considerable force. There are one or two items of really wide-spread interest to be brought up. There is, for instance, the suggestion that the Club be thrown open to all

tourists without distinction, and that the constitution be enlarged to admit automobilists. The greater should include the less, and so, should it be carried that the Club be thrown open to all pleasure-makers—and I hope it will—the proposition that automobilists be allowed to become members could not very well be objected to. There are a couple of propositions in the name of the Council, one of which I personally think should be carried, and another that I hope will be defeated. The one I would like to be defeated is that members be permitted to pay one or two guineas in advance, thereby obviating the necessity of renewing their subscriptions for five or ten years, as the case may be. I do not like men shirking their interest in a thing by putting down a lump sum, so they may avoid being worried. It is the man who is called upon regularly to pay his annual subscription that keeps up the lively and keen interest in cycling affairs.

The proposition, however, that could with advantage be carried is that second and subsequent members of a family living at the same address may become members of the Club, not entitled to the free hand-book, on payment of three shillings each per annum.—J. F. F.



E. E. GIFFORD, ONE-LEGGED CYCLIST AT THE LONDON HIPPODROME, WHO JUMPS FROM THE ROOF OF THE BUILDING INTO THE WATER-TANK BELOW, A DISTANCE OF NINETY FEET.

THE WORLD OF SPORT.

RACING NOTES.

The Lincoln Handicap.

Since writing my last notes on the Lincolnshire Handicap the conditions have greatly changed. St. Maclou, one of my original fancies, was absent from exercise for close on a week—an experience that at this time of day is such that the colt will have to be of an exceptional nature and merit to win the race under notice. Beatty would have had hard-enough work to get his charge fit without interference by illness, seeing that a week's frost kept horses almost idle; but now, with idleness coupled with illness, I imagine that whatever chance St. Maclou had has been destroyed. Little can be gleaned as to my other selection, Victor Don, but that little is in his favour. Delivered fit and well at the post, I fancy his chance greatly, and an item in his favour is that he is a previous winner over the course. He won the Trial Plate a couple of years ago in easy style, and it was after that race that Mr. Thursby became his owner. Victor Don wound up 1901 with a meritorious victory in the Lancashire Handicap, in which he easily defeated Royal George, who, having been struck out of the Lincoln Handicap, is waiting for a later spring engagement. In the Lancashire Handicap, Victor Don carried 8 st. and beat Seringapatam, who carried 8 st. 11 lb., by a head. Next Tuesday the difference is only reduced one pound, so that it seems pretty certain Duke's horse will confirm the Manchester running. If Duke prefers to rely on another of his charges—and he has three others in the race—as being better than Victor Don, then he must train one that will be very hard indeed to beat.

For St. Maclou, I feel disposed to substitute Veles or Sceptre, and my inclination leans to the latter, who is a very smart filly and is, according to training reports, receiving a strong preparation. Last year, before being beaten by Game Chick and Csardas in the Doncaster Champagne Stakes, she had won a couple of races in a canter, and good excuse exists for her defeat, as on that occasion she was all to pieces and was sent home in a wretched condition. Mares are proverbially unlucky in the Lincolnshire Handicap, but Little Eva managed to win all right, and it is possible Sceptre will follow in her footsteps. Veles is very much fancied at Newmarket, and he has form in his favour. In the Peveril-of-the-Peak Plate at Derby last year, he met and defeated O'Donovan Rossa, the weights being respectively 7 st. 10 lb. and 8 st. 8 lb. Next Tuesday the weights are: Veles 7 st. 13 lb., O'Donovan Rossa 8 st. 2 lb., so that, on the face of it, O'Donovan Rossa seems likely to turn the tables. But this horse is a doubtful miler, and, if he could not get the Derby mile to win, I don't think he will be able to compass that on the Carholme. Master Willie is another speedy horse—but one of questionable stamina—that is fancied, and Zagiga is said to be a good thing in some quarters. But I shall sum up for Sceptre and Duke's best, and I think Veles will be well up with the leaders at the finish.

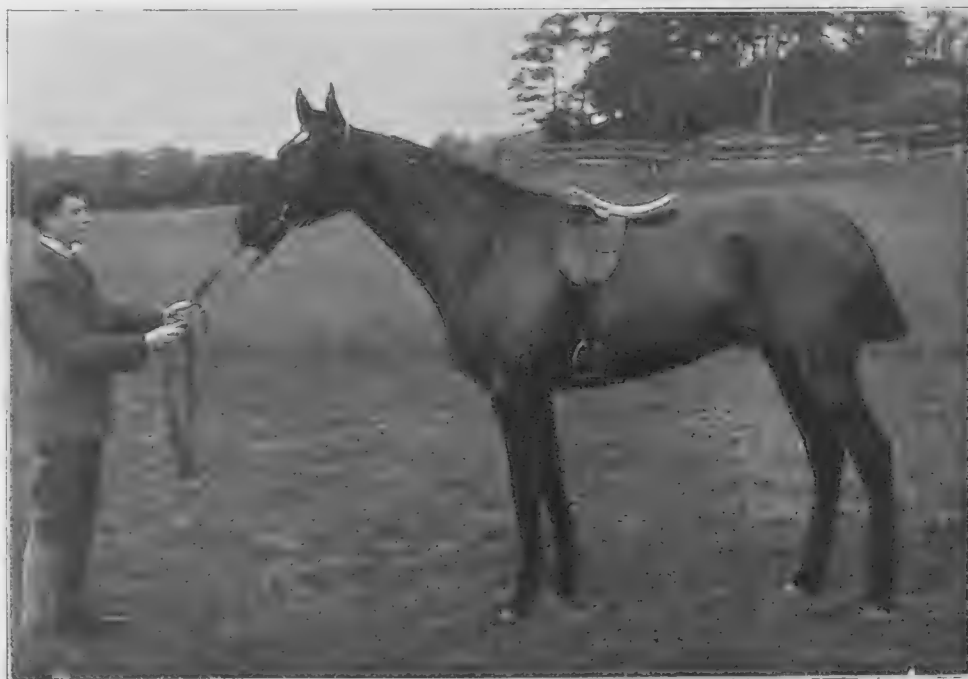
The Grand National.

As regards the Grand National, we have seen a lot of the intending competitors under silk and unfavourable conditions during this last week or two. Well, this sort of thing usually happens before the big Liverpool race. Last year's winner, Grudon, gave a very miserable exhibition a few days ago, and on that form it seems absolutely impossible that he can repeat his victory. And this remark applies equally to Drogheda, who pulled up looking very dickey after the race with Ambush II. His Majesty's steeplechaser made only one slight mistake at Kempton Park, but at Hurst Park, when he had only his leader, Monaghan, to take him along, he blundered several times; in fact, he jumped execrably. Little as I like excuses, there is every reason to believe that this faulty performance was due entirely to the mediocrity of the pace set. One fact stands pretty well all tests: Ambush II. has been over the Liverpool country, and, once a horse has accomplished that

feat, he can be depended upon to repeat it. The favourite was not fit when he gave his recent public running, and when next Friday week comes we shall see an entirely different animal, and one whom I think the King will see win the Grand National, for it is announced that His Majesty is to be present. Drumcree is going on in the right way, and is fancied, as are also Buffalo Bill (especially for a place), Levanter, and Inquisitor. I shall have another opportunity of dealing with this race next week, but I don't think I shall have reason to desert my original selection, Ambush II.

The Derby.

All the long prices about Pekin and the Derby are promptly snapped up by somebody or other, but I don't think he has a winning chance, although he may run into a place. I shall never forget the lightning plunge on this colt in the ring at Epsom last year. For a time, Pekin was "any price you like," as the saying goes. Like a whirlwind the price came tumbling down to 2 to 1; almost before anybody knew what was happening the colt was first-favourite. And no wonder! It was a selling-race, and now he is being backed for the Derby! He won the selling-race I write about in a canter, so he has some sort of acquaintance with the Epsom course. But he will meet different cattle in the race for the Blue Ribbon—such as Csardas, Ard Patrick, Nasturtium, Duke of Westminster, Cupbearer. Pekin is stated to have wintered well and is going on in the right way. He is by St. Simon—Lady Yardley, and was bred at Sledmere by Sir Tatton Sykes, who sold him to Mr. Prentice for 2100 guineas as a yearling. As a rule, expensive yearlings do not turn out well, but Pekin is an exception, and, besides the selling-race mentioned, he won the Tattersall Sale Stakes at Doncaster, where he beat Lavengro after being backed down to 100 to 30, whereas Lavengro started at 3 to 1. Up to now, nothing has occurred to cause me to change my opinion that Duke of Westminster will win this year's Derby.



H.M. KING EDWARD VII.'S AMBUSH II., FAVOURITE FOR THE LIVERPOOL GRAND NATIONAL, TO BE RUN ON FRIDAY, MARCH 21.

Photograph by Lafayette, Dublin.

visit our courses always have the advantage; but in the first weeks of the season this is much greater than when the form settles down. And the reason is not far to seek. It is the fittest animal that wins, and during the initial three or four weeks the number of fit horses is small. Hence, a tour of the paddock, with a careful inspection of the various candidates, leads often to the defeat of the bookmaker. This brings me to the reflection that the "away" men have little to guide them in the form-books beyond the bare record of races run. They have no means of finding out whether certain horses were fit, fat, or fickle. They cannot tell when a horse is not persevered with once winning is out of the question. The racing-guide does not tell them of the many small accidents that occur in the course of a race and so often combine to effect defeat of horses that ought to win. Those who watch races on the course itself cannot always bear in mind the various small things that contribute to what is known as "the luck of the game," and it is the man with the best memory who lasts longest. A friend of mine often bewilders me with the curious animals he backs. But he has always a good reason and very often comes out on top.

CAPTAIN COE.

A CORRECTION.

In a recent issue of *The Sketch* there appeared three portraits of artistes who have been appearing in "Cinderella," at the Grand, Islington. Unfortunately, the names of the two ladies were incorrectly given, "Miss Ruby Verrall" being printed for "Miss Ruby Verdi" and "Miss Kitty Loftus" for "Miss Millicent Marsden." Miss Kitty Loftus has never played in pantomime in London except at the Lyceum Theatre, and that was some seven years ago. My apologies to all parties concerned for the blunders.

OUR LADIES' PAGES.

FROCKS AND FURBELOWS.

WITH the approaching end of Lent and the sprouting of modes in the millinery head-centres, certain folk are, as usual, preparing for the annual Easter visit to Lutetia. Paris, apparently, loses none of its fascination because it yearly comes nearer to London. In eight hours one finds oneself transplanted to a climate, a people, and a manner as far away from the stolidity and smokiness left behind as is morning from twilight. To a people who, like the modern Anglo-Saxon, so fondly love work and money-getting, the fascination of playing "Bo-peep" with a gay, inconsequent, and so perilously pleasing neighbour must always obtain. For, although we sometimes abuse and decry our frivolous cross-water cousins, we invariably return to the allegiance and appreciation which the bold Briton historically accords to his fascinating Frankish neighbours of the Seine-side. It may, indeed, be pleaded that millinery has much to do with this interchange of scene and society. So it may and has. But—are "mere men" less sensitive to the perfection of the Parisian cuisine than their womenkind to its confections? While, apart from both matters mondaine, the mere atmosphere of "La Ville Lumière," where the very dressmakers' apprentices and errand-boys go about their work with the enviable native gay insouciance, carries a spell peculiarly its own and particularly appealing to a solid constitution that draws its ethereal sustenance from an historical régime of "Beef and Beer."

Apropos des bottes, in Paris salons the "boa" is as dead as the Dodo, as are also high collars, up-standing hats, and, in fact, anything that may be described by the word "erect." Everything is flat where it is not drooping, and Silas Wegg might now indeed ask of our millinery, "Shall we decline or shall we fall?" From her coiffure to her toe-tip, the fashionable woman is now, in fact, built in a succession of downward curves, instead of upright angles. Directoire scarves of lace, trimmed with quaint little reproductions of old-fashioned ruches and fringes, supplant all other forms of neck-furniture. Tiny little shoulder-capes match the creation of one's gown in colour and material, marking by a *chic* finish a strange and unfamiliar effect. The always-becoming Marquise coat, with embroidered lapels opening over a highly ornate vest, is also "all that is" of the most modish. Little shallow scallops, or tiny flounces cut in miniature vandykes, are again a new reproduction of an old fashion which show themselves plentifully on the newest skirts. Clusters of the tiniest possible tucks meander down our costumes both in straight and wavy lines, forming the prettiest trimming possible for the new spring materials, which are both various and diversified. A good many of the new materials show tiny spots, and I have seen transmogrified alpacas, fresh editions of our tried friend the voile, and astonishing developments in taffetas which, when exploited later on, will bear none of these familiarly sounding names.

Apropos, at the luncheon-party of the American Women in London, which came off with *éclat* and much chatter on Monday at Prince's Restaurant, some notably pretty dresses were in evidence. One of grey crêpe-de-Chine, with tiny far-apart pin-spots in pale green and occasional posies of pale violets, had been built by Félix. The material is called, not crêpe-de-Chine, but "Soie Coronation," while another soft silk, rather resembling Irish poplin and rendered in this instance into a becoming Marquise costume in dull green of two shades, is surnamed "Soie Irlandaise." Insertions of cream net with lace incrustations sewn on glorified this special costume into absolute elegance.

Speaking of Prince's, one would hardly realise that Lent was exercising its penitential sway, judging from the gay scenes afforded by the leading restaurants of a night just now. We are fast imitating our Continental neighbours and becoming a nation of "diners-out," as far as the upper strata of Society is concerned, at all events. I saw Lord Anglesey, not jewelled beyond daylight discretion, at Prince's one day last week, and a few evenings after Lord Kintore and Lord Effingham gave separate parties at the gay resort of fashion in Piccadilly. The Sultan of Johore gathered a select few around him on Tuesday, and at another recent Prince's dinner given by a hospitable friend I was lost, if not misled, in admiration of a Paris frock worn by Miss Olga Nethersole, who occupied an adjoining table. This popular actress's draperies were of deep cream lace, appliquéd on to net, which was built over shining silk, with an under-dress of cream chiffon. Dull metallic sequins were arranged with inexpressible effect as embroideries on the bodice, the whole in perspective having a billowy softness difficult to describe but impossible not to admire.

I notice the new French jewellery, which, for want of a better name, we designate "l'Art Nouveau," makes itself increasingly popular, and deservedly. Even the little chain with its parti-coloured pendant of curiously wrought metals and gems has a character which the more florid jewellery of the diamond-setter who is also merely a mechanic never attains. There was no "renaissance" more needed than that of jewellery, and in giving effect to its new expression Mappin Brothers are particularly happy.

I suppose no one is quite contented with his lot and that there are some things

we would all alter in our environment if we could. The old proverb which taught us in our nursery days that "what can't be cured must be endured," apparently, however, belongs by no means to the philosophy of this generation. And in this connection it may be added that my attention has recently been drawn to a newly established "Beauty Shop" which not alone advertises itself as causing the ordinary transformation in substituting, like Aladdin's magician, old complexions for new and smoothing away wrinkles, but goes much farther, even to the extent of solidly affirming that it can alter the shape of one's nose, and offering to produce a Greek, aquiline, or Roman organ at will, instead of the tip-tilted, the hawk, or the snub which may have long



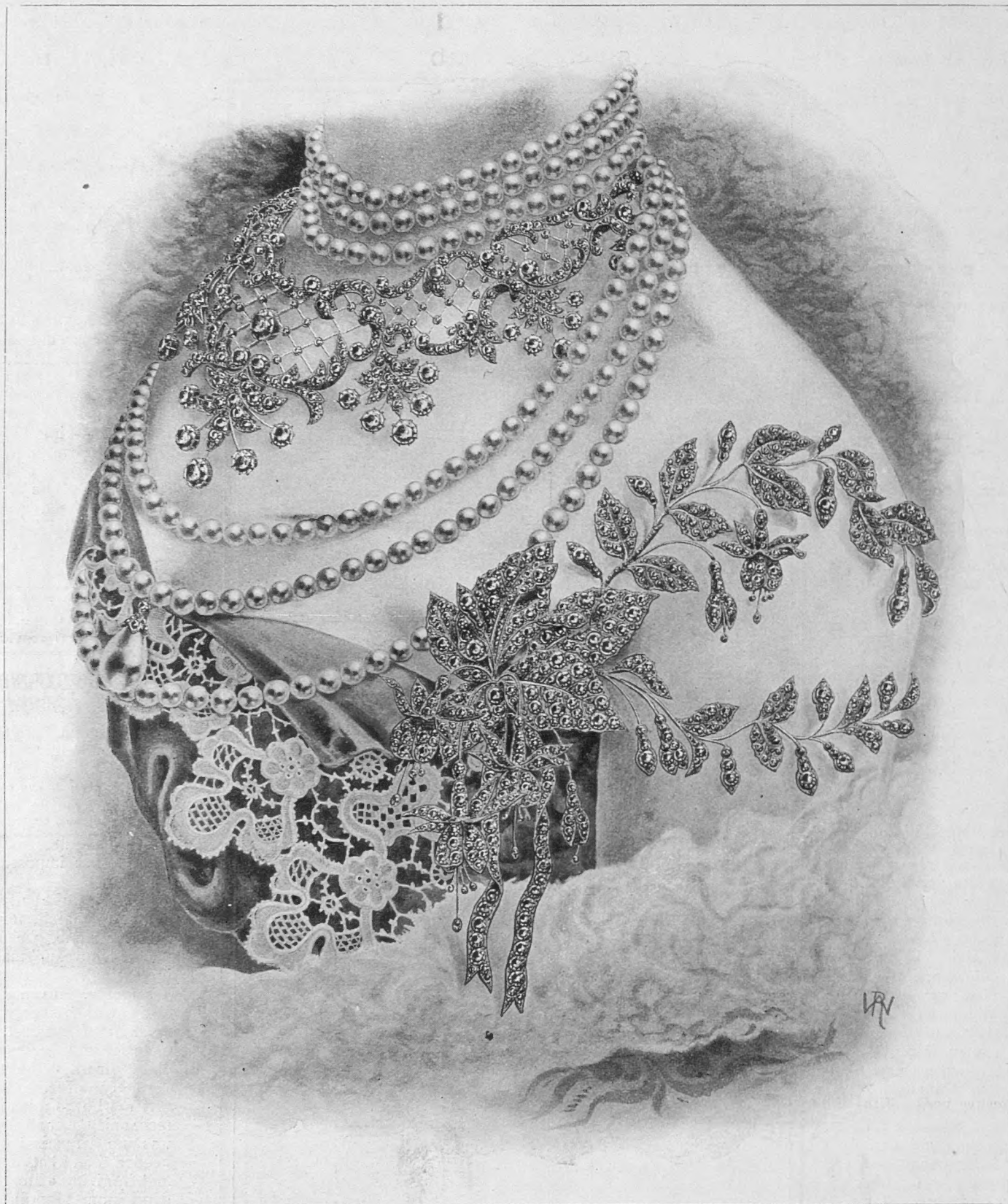
A CHIC DRESS OF LACE AND CHIFFON.

[Copyright.]

disturbed our peace and profile. If this be so, a certain section of the community can now disguise its historical racial outline with the same ease that it substitutes Anglo-Saxon names for its inherited tribal ones. In other words, if your nose does not please you, you are invited to choose your own shape and leave the rest to the newly arrived scientist. The booklet which treats of this departure reads like the travesty of a certain chapter in "L'Homme qui Rit." One must not plead guilty to scepticism in these amazing times, but I confess that it would be convincing to see a nasal organ previous

LORD NEWTON ON SPORT.

Lord Newton, who moved the rejection of the Prevention of Cruelty to Wild Animals' Bill, proposed in the Upper House by the Bishop of Hereford, is by no means a man to cultivate sentiment at the expense of sagacity. He was notable at Eton and Christ Church, and subsequently in the Diplomatic Service, for a cultured hard-headedness contemptuous of shams. With a fine, dry wit of his own, veiled, though scarcely concealed, beneath a serious if not solemn exterior,



DIAMONDS AND PEARLS AT THE PARISIAN DIAMOND COMPANY'S.

and after its "alterations and repairs" before subscribing to the astonishing schemes of the latest Transatlantic amazement.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

DELPHIC (York).—Phillips, of Mount Street, would, I think, match your dinner-service. You could write and ask, mentioning this paper's name.

J. L. F. (Folkestone).—Most of the new season frocks are made without collars, but, though a string of pearls is quite *comme il faut* for outdoor wear, a dog-collar of pearls would not be except for a very elaborate afternoon function indeed. For all evening occasions nothing is smarter, and the designs in diamond-clasped pearl collars to be seen at the Parisian Diamond Company's several shops are more original and artistic than you will find them anywhere else.

SYBIL.

he was always ready to cast a flash of humour on the glooms of sentimentality. And yet there is no kinder-hearted man living. Not only is he a sportsman in every sense of the word, but a man of wide reading, and he is quite capable of giving in a point or two where he considers it is a question of public benefit. The tastes and training of such men make them useful debaters on matters regarding pastimes as related to Political Economy, which is a learned way of talking of sport as connected with common-sense. Lord Newton married a daughter of Mr. Bromley-Davenport, M.P., who was himself no mean authority on sport. Lady Newton has most artistic tastes, and Lyme Hall, their beautiful place in Cheshire, has been enlivened by several entertainments which evidence her talent for acting and for supervision.

CITY NOTES.

The Next Settlement begins on March 24.

ON 'CHANGE.

THE week ends with a much more cheerful feeling than it began. Business on the Stock Exchange, and, in fact, in all things financial, ebbs and flows according to the estimates of the moment on the chances of the War coming to an end or going on indefinitely, and just now the City thinks that there is some prospect of peace. It is curious how no one doubts that, if the South African ulcer could only be healed, there would be a boom in everything; indeed, so universal is this opinion that one is almost inclined to doubt whether, after all, what every "Man in the Street" thinks a certainty, may not prove a disappointment. When the time comes, we shall see—what we shall see. One thing is certain, that, on any unusual sign of Boer submission, every little office-boy will be buying himself a few Kaffirs for a speculation.

It is not much use speculating on the course of the markets, for probably not even the great K. of K. himself knows what next week may bring forth; all that the wise man can do is to lay in a few of those shares which, on the next revival, will show the best rise. We hear that Angelo Deeps are a good purchase, and we know that a man in Johannesburg telegraphed this week to his brother to buy them, for we have seen the wire, and our readers must take the tip for what it may be worth. We acted upon it for our own money.

Certain correspondents want to know what is the market-price of the shares of Contractors, Limited, and we can only say that we cannot satisfy their curiosity. It is within our knowledge that a few shares have changed hands at par, and several small parcels at £2 and £3 a share, within the last few weeks. The position is that there are only 24,000 fully paid shares, and price is a pure matter of negotiation in which the buyer should not be too eager. If anyone wants to speculate a five- or ten-pound note, he had better communicate with the Secretary at Bush Lane House, Cannon Street, who can probably tell him of any shares that there may be for sale.

THE INDUSTRIAL MARKET.

The appearance of the Imperial Tobacco allotments has not been the signal for a host of stag sales, as was expected would be the case. Perhaps the knowledge that the Bristol people are strong buyers "lower down" is a sustaining influence, but there is also the shrewd suspicion abroad that Mr. Duke and his friends might be quite willing to execute a *coup d'état* by purchasing all the shares that come to market and thus obtain at least a footing in the Trust's affairs. But the Imperial Tobacco Board hold such an enormous stake (all the Ordinary shares, of course, being in their hands) that American invasion in this particular direction need not be treated as more than a wild probability. Salmon and Gluckstein shares are being talked to the neighbourhood of 2½, at which price the return on the 10 per cent. guarantee would be 4 per cent., which is hardly good enough even for such a comparatively gilt-edged investment.

Telegraph securities have fallen hopelessly flat on the latest Marconi developments. In a wise and conservative speech the other day, the Commercial Cable Company's Vice-Chairman referred to the years of patient building-up and organisation which were necessary before his Company reached its present stage of being able to cope with any business, any emergency. He threw no discredit on the Marconi system, but pointed out that it must be long indeed before such approximate perfection is attained as the wire-telegraph undertakings have reached. Marconi shares, dealt in by the Kaffir Circus and the Industrial Market, have risen 10s. within the last few weeks, and now stand at 3½ or thereabouts. As an investment, they appear to be highly speculative in value, depending, as they do, so much upon the life of a single man engaged in daring, hazardous experiments. Training in wireless telegraphy is not an Oxford and Cambridge Boat-race business. The London Water Bill's slow progress is causing a stoppage in the Water Market, but the stocks are still strenuously tipped as investments likely to improve greatly in value within the next

few years. Dulness distinguishes the Yankee Beer department, where the recent buying has given place to the lassitude usual to the market. In the catering division, Lyons have advanced so sharply since their purchase was suggested in these columns that we hesitate to advise buyers not to secure their profit. The Throgmorton Restaurant is now doing a very quiet business again, and the thousand lunches per diem which were being served in the famous Corridor Room alone are somewhat dwindling in these quieter times for Kaffirs. Nor is "Mothering Sunday" so generally observed as to cause that rush for cakes which it ought to do. Still, Lyons will probably reach £10 in time, although they may react from their present price first. Rash as it appears to suggest such a thing, we rather fancy that Aërated Bread proprietors would do well to reduce their holdings and put the money into their rival's shares, trusting to an advance in capital value to make up for the lower rate of interest with which they would have to be content. The policy of the New Welsbach Board in the choice of a General Manager is much criticised, especially among those who know something of the former working of the concern.

THE STROLLER IN THROGMORTON STREET.

He strode down rapidly to Warnford Court, wearing a very worried look—and other things, of course. On his way he swore gently at the blackening fog which had settled over the City.

"Pleasant evening, this," he said to his broker, as they shook hands. "The air is heavier than the Kaffir Market."

His broker laughed. "You see," he explained, "they have just fitted the 'Twopenny Tube' with an electric-fan, and we suppose that this fog is the Central London air being driven out of the tunnels."

"Then I shan't come to town when they begin to clean up the Metropolitan's tunnels and the District's," rejoined The Stroller. "You will have a fog for weeks at that time."

Again his broker laughed. "Come to Lyons," he invited him, "and clear your throat a little. I have just had a worrying day and shall be glad of an excuse to get off early. Things are frightfully slack, too."

"Here's to their speedy revival!" drank The Stroller. "To tell you the truth, I came down to ask whether you would advise me to sell my South Africans and wait till I can get them back cheaper."

"My dear sir, much as I'd like to assist you, my judgment is not as good as yours, you know. From the look of the market, though, I hardly think it would be worth while running the risk of being caught out of Kaffirs—"

"I don't want to sell a bear," interposed The Client.

"No, I understand that. But—hullo, there's Ulysses!

I'll ask him to come and tell you his views on things in general. He's a pretty 'cute chap, you know. Here, Ulie, let me introduce you to Mr. Stroller, a friend of mine. He wants your honest views on the Kaffir Market."

"Pleased to meet you, sir," the wily one began. "My honest views, did you say?" turning to The Stockbroker.

"Yes, your House opinions, not your journalistic pow-wow." ("He writes for *The Wretch*, you know," was the parenthetic explanation.)

"In my humble opinion, almost everything turns on the pivot of the War news," the authority stated.

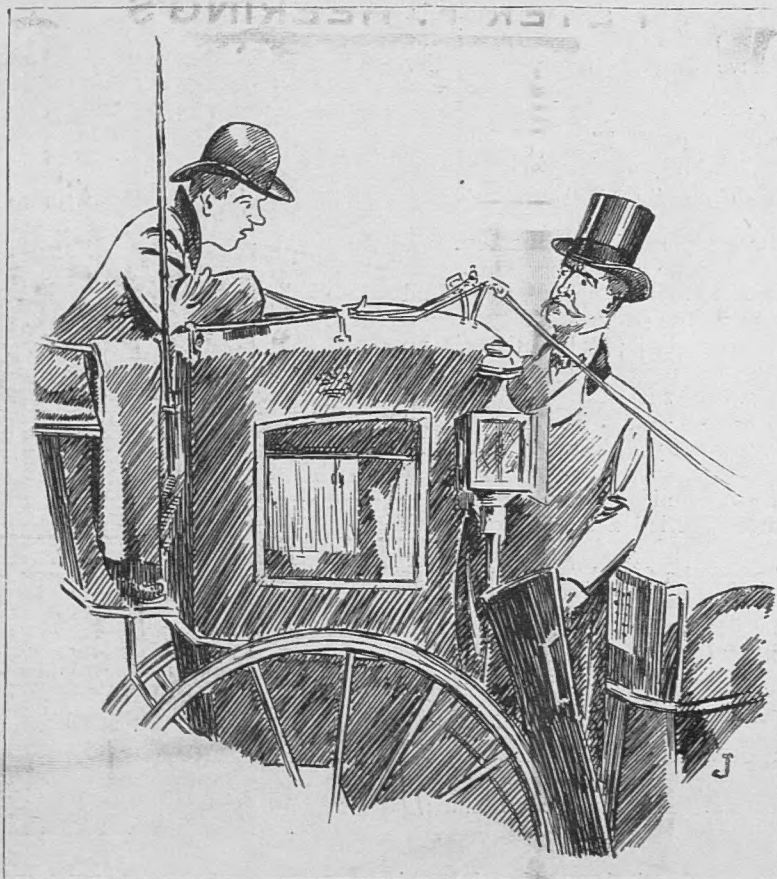
"If it's moderately good—," suggested The Broker, conscious that he was leading the examination.

"If it's only fairly favourable, we must look to see prices a little lower. If it's bad, they may go beastly flat, but I don't think that is probable."

"But news as to the ending of the War? Would peace negotiations have any great effect now?" The Stroller demanded. "Is the boom all over for good?"

"I don't think it is," was the cautious rejoinder. "But what I say is simply this, that the South African position must assume a very different complexion before you can expect the boom to break out again in full force."

"The House has got more shares than it wants, for one thing," remarked the member.



THROGMORTON STREET SKETCHES.

JOBBER (who has had a bad day): Waterloo!

YOUTHFUL CABBY: Station, Sir?

JOBBER: No, you bally idiot; the *Battlefield*, of course!

"Far too many," Ulysses retorted. "It is the Stock Exchange, and not the public, which is to blame for the slump we've seen quite lately."

"It's all very well talking like that," the broker objected; "but if we have got too many, it was largely our buying which lifted prices to where they stand even now."

"And that is a highish level," soliloquised The Stroller. "I think I will risk it," he went on, as the wise man said good-night. "Please will you sell my hundred Goldfields. I can take them in at the Settlement, or deliver them, can't I?"

"Certainly," his broker replied. "It often puzzles me why you of the public do not take in your gold shares more often when you sell them. You get out because prices are high, not because you have any other investment in view; and then you deliver the shares, take your cash, and go and put it on deposit at a bank where they give you some pinchbeck rate of interest."

"I suppose it is because people don't know they can carry over shares they have sold and get a decent rate on them," suggested The Stroller. "Perhaps their brokers do not take the same amount of trouble in explaining the operation as mine does."

"My young 'Paul's-Pigeon' would say, 'Don't kid,'" returned The Broker, pleased with the compliment. "You stay down here while I sell your Goldfields," and he hurried into Throgmorton Street.

But The Stroller slowly followed his host, stopping outside the door to listen to the motley crowd.

"Had a good day, cockie?" he heard one man ask another.

"Good day? Rather!" the other returned with sarcastic emphasis. "I've dealt six times to-day, and lost money on only five of the bargains. Lucky, wasn't I, not to have dropped it on the sixth? Here, cabbie, Waterloo!"

"Station, sir?" politely asked the juvenile Jehu.

"No, you bally idiot; the Battlefield, of course!"

"Wish I could afford a cab," was his friend's parting shot. "He's a lucky beggar, all the same," he continued. "Bought himself heaps of Lomagunda Devels at 3½."

"And I bought the Devils at 6½," complained his companion.

"They will see that again, I fancy," was the comforting hope.

"Good lock-up, I think myself, at 5½. Coming up West?" And the pair walked off just as The Stroller's broker reappeared.

"Sorry to keep you waiting," he apologised; "but there's no market in anything to-night, and it cost me my orchid buttonhole to induce a man to make me a close price in the shares."

"Thanks," The Stroller said. "I must be off now. You will let me know when contango-day comes on, won't you, in case I should by chance want to deliver?"

"Oh, certainly! Good-night. I will wire if the shares go flat."

"Now, a few Dover 'A' at a quarter!" cried a spare figure with hat tilted very much over its nose.

"Go home, old man, go home!" advised a friend. "Home Rails are dead as door-nails."

"Door-nails have got business-ends," put in a third, "and that is more than you can say about our Railway stocks."

"Nevertheless, they hurt you when you sit on them too long."

"H'm! Your point. Score is love—one. My girls play Ping-Pong," he added in extenuation.

"I see they are talking about Coronation traffics helping the Railways."

"Probably they will to a certain extent. If prices go up much, I shall sell all my stocks."

"And buy Yankees?"

"Not a chance. Been had there too often before. No; I would put half my money into sound Industrials paying 5 to 6 per cent., and I am not so sure that I wouldn't have a smack at Rio Tintos."

"A smack?" asked The Stroller, his interest in the conversation making him entirely oblivious of convention. "What is a smack at Rio Tintos?"

The others looked at him with surprise. "Fourteen Hundred?" asked one. "He's a Fourteen Hundred," nodded another; and they all walked off backwards.

The Stroller was completely mystified. "Well," he said to himself, at last, "if I can't get into Hanwell, I will try the House."

Saturday, March 8, 1902.

ANSWERS TO CORRESPONDENTS.

All letters on financial subjects only to be addressed to the "City Editor, The Sketch Office, 198, Strand."

Our Correspondence Rules are published on the first Wednesday in each Month.

F.—As good, speculative investments, your whole list is very fair. We prefer Argentine Rescission bonds and Leopoldina debentures or shares. We also think well of Central Argentine Ordinary, B. A. and Rosario Ordinary, and Inter-oceanic of Mexico "A" debentures at present prices.

GAMBLE AND A. E. P.—See this week's Note.

KYLE.—Don't touch Sheba Queen, Mount Lyell South, or Talisman, all of which, we think, are rubbish. The rest may be all right, but you had far better lock up a few Kaffirs, such as A. Goerz and Co., Angelo Deep, or Hendersons.

CLARIONETTE.—If you buy the Brewery Preference it will not be on our advice. We have no faith in the Company, which has been far too much used for market manipulation to suit our money.

BEE.—The business is not an over-savoury one, but we have no information of value as to its present position. The shares are thought fairly well of in the market.

W. G.—(1) We think well of North Mount Lyell for a rise and referred to them as a good purchase about a fortnight ago. (2) Yes, but you are, of course, buying a speculative share. We do not like either of the two Companies you propose to clear out of.

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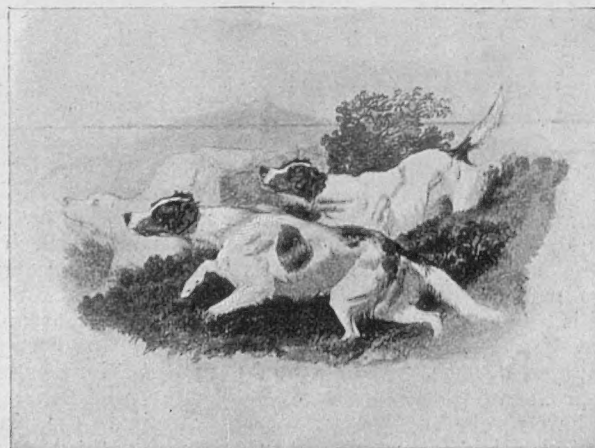
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